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E FORBES

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"ON DITS."

They say Madame **Fanny Kemble Butler** has returned to England, but whether in her "dear old Pacific," with "Mr. Curtis—mate," we can't tell.

They say that the two Queens, of Spain and Portugal, are injuring their *constitutions* by a constant change of "men and measures."

They say the real estate speculators feel great oppression about their *chests*, and that the sight of *drafts* throws them into convulsions.

They say that at the late fair at Niblo's, "bustles" were below par, or made "flats" in a twinkling.

They say that the passengers in the steamboats during the late racing on the Sound, commended themselves frequently to Providence.

They say in England that the new works issuing from the American press of late are in opposition to the Scripture adage, not to put old wine into new bottles.

They say the Maid of Cashmere at the Park will surpass any thing of the kind seen there for years as opera, ballet, and spectacle.

They say the enlarged "New York Daily Express" comes close alongside the Courier, and will tetotaciously chaw up the Journal of Commerce.

They say that those ladies whose heads are bossed with the organ of acquisitiveness, and whose pockets are garnished with a well-filled purse, must not venture too often into *the* splendid shawl store in Broadway.

They say that the artificial and *apperté* ornateness of a certain showy little widow on the boards, has utterly discomfitted a notorious Benedict.

They say that Irving's "Astoria" is one of his works that is doomed in after days to support the eternal structure of his immortality.

They say New Orleans is so healthy this season, that it has become all the fashion to expire of good health and a fashionable quack.

They say it has just been discovered by a scientific society in England, that the world is older by some million years than has usually been supposed, Moses and the Prophets to the contrary notwithstanding.

They say that her "divine ladyship," *Maria Monk*, still holds in the thraldom of darkness her first converts, Brownlee & Co.

They say that **Hackett** will surely become a Baron in due time, and that **Power** has proved himself an Irishman already.

They say that the "beau monde" and the "low monde" are fitly represented by two of our theatres, they don't say which.

They say it is a mighty easy thing to pick up "on dits," but *we* say, let those that think so send us a dozen, and we will believe it.

☞ We have a little "itching in our thumbs" to write a political paragraph or two about these days, if but just to set a copy to the penny-a-liners how the thing ought to be done, for such empty, vapid nonsense, as is daily heaped up in our office surpasses all past experience, or conjectures of the future. Still we must refrain to even commend the associate of our boyhood, and the generous friend of our riper years to the consideration of our city readers as a man worthy to represent them in the councils of the nation. Should, however, a single voter and reader of ours feel indifferent, like ourselves, to the two political parties, and wish to have pointed out to him one worthy of his suffrage, let him glance over the lists of candidates, and we opine he will find among them a name identified with all that is noble in manhood, and admirable in the refinements of a gentleman. One whose liberality is always commensurate to his ability by personal efforts to effect the object of his generosity—whose hand is ever open to the wants of the unfortunate and the neglected, and whose public spirit has ever been kindled into action by an opportunity to bestow on merit the reward it deserves. We vote for such men ourselves, nor do we ask to what party they belong, still less do we care. But we must rein up our political Pegasus, lest he bolt and fling us, for, as one Mr. Wm. Shakspeare very properly observes, "*Considering the weather, a taller man than I might take cold!*"

A Rum 'un.—The police officer of the Tremont theatre, Boston, was called last week to take into custody a young blade from South Carolina, for being "Bacchi plenus," and for having, with amorous intent, and in manner bold, seized and thereafter rudely embraced the pretty vender of confectionary in the saloon of said theatre, thereby causing said maiden to utter shrieks, much to the discomfiture of persons seated in the boxes. Now this was naughty—very naughty, and so the magistrates thought, and therefore fined this "bold dragoon" to the tune of $11,50.

"N."—our Arkansas correspondent--complains of our proof-reader, and with justice enough too; but on bringing that worthy "up to the bull-ring," he positively asseverates, declares and swears, that it isn't *in* him, or rather that "it takes *him*, and *he* can't hardly," make out an occasional word in N.'s letters. The proper names are generally, he says, "the stickers," and not unfrequently a council of war has been called in our printing office, at which the Devil (i. e. the Printer's Devil) has presided in propria personæ, and the propriety and fitness of certain nouns and pronouns, words and sentences in N.'s letters discussed, with a degree of eloquence, erudition, and gnashing of teeth, worthy of democratic citizens who know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain—of our popular assemblages, and free institutions—of the world at large, and the Spirit of the Times office in particular.

"N." writes "a beautiful hand," very, but one exceedingly difficult to read; no uncommon case, by the bye. Occasionally one of his proper names has been submitted to us, that has quite upset the apple-cart of our hieroglyphical knowledge and experience, and we have been as much puzzled to make out a word as people have been since Jonah swallowed the whale, to ascertain why a tailor is termed the ninth part of a man. However, we hereby covenant and agree to take great pains that our compositors shall make, as Madame Malaprop says, no further "aspersions on his parts of speech."

John Boardman, Esq., of Huntsville, Ala. We have great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt, by the *Toronto*, of a letter from this gentleman, dated "*London, 19th Sept.*" We do not feel at liberty to lay Mr. B.'s letter before our readers, and merely give the annexed extract a place, that his wide circle of friends may know of his safe arrival, and be assured that the interest he has ever taken in the sports of the turf, and consequently in the improvement of the breed of horses, is unabated. We quote:—

"On leaving New York, I promised to write you occasionally, which promise I have not forgot; but up to the present moment, nothing of interest has occurred worth sending across. The weather has been uncommonly cold, wet, and disagreeable, and my health and spirits have suffered under the change, or, at least, I cannot say that the change has benefitted me thus far, and it is probable I shall go to a more southern climate ere long. * * * *

"I am too much of an invalid to go to Doncaster Races, which commence today. It is considered the most important meeting in the Kingdom, and everybody is on the *qui vive*. The result you will get via Liverpool sooner than I can furnish it; if, however, I can send you a daily paper containing the result of the *St. Leger*, which comes off to-morrow, so as to reach Liverpool before the sailing of the packet of the 24th, I shall do so. 'Bell's Life' will not appear again until the 25th, too late for the packet of the 24th. * * * *

"I have not visited the Royal Stud at Hampton Court, nor, indeed, any other as yet, for it has rained *every day* since I arrived here, (30th Aug., 21 days from N. York.) So soon as I can make any observations worthy of your notice, you shall hear from me again." * * *

We are still in hopes Mr. Boardman will experience the favorable effects of a sea voyage, though he writes rather despondingly. When his health will allow him to visit the great racing and sporting establishments of England, and he shall have made the acquaintance of Touchstone, The Colonel, Bay Middleton, and other good ones, we shall feel little anxiety for its eventual recovery.

National Theatre.—Our pretty little favorite, **Miss Watson**, takes her benefit on Tuesday evening. Celeste plays for her in the Wept, and dances her celebrated *Bayadere*. In addition to which we are to have a Concert, and the two popular farces of The Pet of the Petticoats and the Four Mowbrays, in which the fair *beneficiare* sustains the principal characters. To those who have music in their souls not a word further need be said to ensure their attendance.

"*The Girls Up Town.*"—Just as we were going to press, we received a good long letter from the Girls, "and faith we'll print it" next week, if we get our hair pulled for it. Since Sis has got married, the way **Hep.** and **Sue** "carry on" is *their* business. Prehaps their letter won't make the old folks stare!

OUR ACTORS!

And their originally intended Trades, Crafts, and Callings.

Kean—Edmund Kean, about whom so much has been written and so little really known. Of all his biographers, perhaps "the gentleman who last appeared in that character," is the most "void of the mark of verity;" and we were really sorry that the highly-gifted *literateur*, known under the cognomen of Barry Cornwall, should have, (at Mammon's beck,) lent his fine talent to adorn a mass of absurd fictions, furnished him by heaven knows who, (we allude to the first volume,) fictions apparently collected from George Colman's "Sylvester Daggerwood," O'Keefe's "Wild Oats," and such like works of the wildest fancy—having no more resemblance to Kean's early life than to that of the celebrated Bamfylde Moore Carew; absurdities that Kean's various old colleagues, (some who have known him from boyhood upwards,) treat with the derision they deserve. But the book was merely "got up to sell"—'twas written "against time," for a certain sum, (materials not included,) and, worse than all, *two* volumes were demanded from the scribe's ever-ready pen—two volumes from such materials!—*misericordia!*—never was author more to be pitied than Barry Cornwall. They appeared, and comparatively failed, 'twas "Much ado about nothing;" all parties concerned were dissatisfied—the speculating publisher at his loss of capital—the accomplished writer at his loss of grade—and the gentle reader at his loss of time. But let us turn to Kean's real life—two pages from facts, rather than two volumes of fudge, from the Sylvester Daggerwood library of romance.

Sancho's vulgar proverb of "'Tis a wise child that knows its father," falls very far short of Kean's darkness on the point of parentage; for even up to the day of his death, we are convinced, from what he himself has often said, that he did not positively know who his mother was. And as for the wooden-legged mimic, whose name he bore, and to whom his ignorant or mis-informed biographers have assigned the right of paternity, Kean never would, and never could, be brought to believe in his right and title.

'Tis true that a Mrs. Carey (when Kean came into the receipt of a splendid income, but not before) insisted on claiming him as her son. Though he never believed her title, he kindly supported her till the day of her death. And such was his indolent good-nature, that he suffered all her grown-up children, and even grandchildren, to be quartered on his then well-furnished purse, over the strings of which he never seemed to have the slightest guard—it was comparatively open to all—no wonder it became empty in his declining days.

Kean really believed, (and so do we,) that a certain ancient spinster, whom he always loved, respected, and acknowledged, as his aunt, was his natural mother, but who, from prudent motives, had given him into the hands of mercenaries,

"Ere the moon that heard his first infant shriek
Had filled her horns——"

and she tacitly proved her maternity, by her continued liberality and unvaried kindness to him in his early days, and her constant watchfulness of his interest when he became

"The world's favorite—and passion's slave!"

a watchfulness that we regret has proved so useless. This lady had been a subordinate actress—a fine-formed, dark-eyed woman—respectable and respected; therefore she has guarded her maternal secret with so much tact, that Kean, ("her own darling Edmund," as she called him,) never could win it from her. Yet, on reflection, he would say, "How can she be my aunt? She has not the most distant relationship to either of my assigned parents." Though this was a circumstance that might puzzle the Herald's Office, yet Kean saw the motive for concealment, and honored her feelings by his silence on the subject.

He had, in his own opinion, perhaps, ascertained his mother—but for a father, there he was "perplext in the extreme," for he always mentally spurned the idea of the wooden legged mimic, and "My father" never passed his lips. When the fumes of wine created romantic visions in his waking dreams, he claimed as

"The man who had the hit to father him,"

no less a person than his Grace the late Duke of Norfolk; and we are sure that on his death-bed he really believed that

"The blood of Howard flowed within his veins;"

and certain strong corroborating circumstances warranted this belief, in what others deemed a pleasing phantasy. There is only one person living who can decide the point, and her lips, as we have before observed, have hitherto been hermetically sealed upon the subject.

But to his theatrical career.

As a mere child he was on the stage, and noticed even by John Kemble for his juvenile devilry. At Drury Lane he was imp, Cupid, cherubim, or any other diminutive character requiring tact and agility in a small compass—a sort of dumb duodecimo of his afterself. When a little more advanced in life, he did "ground and lofty tumbling" with the then celebrated Saunders's equestrian troop; and in his probationary drilling for "elfin tricks on horseback," his limbs were hurt to such an extent, that deformity for life would have ensued, had not his kind aunt ordered him to be "put in irons." These he wore for some years, only leaving them off as the deformity decreased. He now advanced a step in the profession, for he was next engaged by "the great Richardson," the then, as now, manager of

"The theatre noisy, Bartholomew Fair!"

The eccentric but rich old Richardson, even now speaks with pride of Kean's being "an early pupil of his—and—but we give it in his own peculiar jargon—the erudite slang of our metropolitan and suburban fairs: "Vy, sur, that are little chap, vots the great Keane now, made his fust 'peerunse in the ragglir drammee at my the-ha-tur, at Peckhum fair, that is, as a cackler," (*id est*, a speaker.) From Richardson's, Kean progressed to the Canterbury circus, and did the juvenile heroes for Dowton's mamma-in-laws, (or, as Kean styled it, "Old Mother Baker's") company; then, for several years, he traversed England, Wales, and Ireland—became a Benedick in Gloucestershire, and a father in Waterford, (his son was born there.) He obtained much applause, but little money—was a victim to dissipation and its attendant, poverty, till he married—when poverty was (comparatively) banished, and dissipation abandoned—but, alas! only for a brief space—for though he passively fell into the matrimonial net that caught him, he was too confirmed in his follies to submit to the continued constraint of the cage of wedlock. He thought (if he thought at all) that the bars of the cage were like the meshes of a net, made of the softest silk, but he soon felt, or fancied he felt, they were iron; and,

"Like the wild bird of rav'ning beak,"

he fluttered and kicked until he broke through all constraint, and

"Had the wide and wicked world to roam in,"

sometimes with money from theatrical benefits, oftener without it from the failure. The peculiarity of his then ill-dressed figure, would, with the ignorant million in the provinces, often counteract the effect of his genius and talent.

Thus years rolled on, till the Drury Lane manager saw him act with a small company at Dorchester, and immediately transplanted him to London, where his success as Shylock was, on the first night, anything but striking, owing to the frigidity of the select few who attended; but fortunately, amongst that select few, there was quietly seated some discerning critics of the press, (what a mighty engine is the press!) men who at once saw Kean's imposing genius. They wrote him into an estimation that soon placed him at the head of his difficult and arduous profession—and in the receipt of a greater income than any actor had realised within the present century. (Memorandum—we don't call the young Roscius an actor—his tragedy would be laughed down now, under the title of "fudge," though Master Betty received a greater sum in his short career as a boy, than even Kean did in the same space of time.)

Kean was a latitudinarian in morals, in the extremest sense of the word—it was his unhappy fate to be originally and devotedly attached to various "lovely Thais," who deceived, pillaged, then laughed at and deserted him. The whole world has heard of his silly passion for an old City Alderman's depraved young wife—'twas his first step towards ruin. Kean was weak enough to believe that the wretch who had betrayed a too confiding husband, would be unswerving in an unholy devotion to himself—but he soon saw his folly in her faithlessness; when, instead of (as a sane man would have done)

"Giving her to the wind, a prey to fortune,"

he madly threatened her paramour with personal vengeance, fearing for whose life, she shamelessly and recklessly denounced poor Kean, and placed in the hands of the civic cornuto, the written proofs of his dishonor, her sin, and the tragedian's deceitful violation of the rights of hospitality. He was tried, and so bad was his case, that even his counsel, (pardon a bad pun), Scarlett—blushed. 'Twas a city jury, and Guildhall the arena; (we were in court—every juryman seemed to have a protuberance on each side of the forehead, as though his hat would not go on!) the theatrical Don Juan was mulcted in a heavy penalty and costs—and, *mirabile dictu!* was soon afterwards hissed from the stage.

Branded as a man, persecuted as an actor, can it be wondered at that in the distraction of his mind he flew to Bacchus to console him for the perfidy of Venus? but even that would not do, for the worm of remorse was feeding on his vitals—that little worm that will not sleep, and never dies! He felt a withering of the heart—he tried to rally, but in vain—he consulted an old and sincere friend—who advised a reconciliation with his domestic hearth. The almost broken-hearted prodigal returned to it—and swore to be "an altered man;" but the feeling of resentment for injuries received was too strong—they could not even be softened. This was the very crisis of Kean's fate—his life or death. One word of kindness might have preserved him—but that word did not greet his longing ear; the simple expression of

"Here, Edmund, rest, and sin no more!"

would have won him back to virtue—its refusal damned him into deeper vice and misery.

Disease was now undermining his once robust constitution; his professional powers were impairing, and the mechanical memory necessary for an actor was failing—he felt that he was on the wane. The London verdict had tarnished his character in the provinces, and "a beggarly account of empty boxes" was the consequence. Thus situated he re-visited America; his success was "not as per last." He offended the Bostonians, and they prepared to "Lynch" him—and he only escaped by the spirited stratagem of Mr. John Lee, the actor, (and now manager of our Brighton Theatre,) and the assistance of the kind landlord of his hotel, (an Irishman by-the-bye). Kean returned to his native land, (home he could not call it—for all that constitutes "home," his follies, and others' vices, had robbed him of). He re-appeared at Drury Lane, the mere wreck of his former self—broke down in every new character—for the faculty of study had entirely left him. He was now advised to take the Richmond Theatre, with a very comfortable house attached to it. 'Twas a sort of *rus in urbe*—he could have country air, and be in town, when occasional engagements called him there, without much fatigue or expense. That domicile he did not change, till he entered the one "which lasts till doomsday."

Such had been Kean's contempt for money—his thoughtless, almost childish imprudence, and the rapacity of those to whom he unfortunately and madly became attached, and after having in the first fifteen years of his splendid professional career, received upwards of one hundred thousand pounds, he actually died insolvent! and such had been his follies, (the cold Pharisee will call them vices,) that, while daily sinking to his grave, he was shunned by those whom the ties of nature—whom a certain vow—(a vow registered by a recording angel)—should have brought, if not for love or gratitude, at least, in Christian charity, to the sick man's pillow, in order to smoothe a repentant sinner's passage to the grave.

"Deserted by those his former bounty fed,"

(for he had no wealth to leave them now)—such was his forlorn state, that his attenuated corpse might, perhaps, have remained in his Richmond domicile until "nos'd in the lobby," had not a society of actors, of which Kean was a member, (a society that was under unpayable obligations to their poor departed friend), stepped forward in this singular emergency, and by their worthy little secretary, arranged that every immediate and honorable respect should be paid to the remains of one of the greatest actors that England has produced.

The day of the funeral being fixed, such was the Richmond people's respect for him, that every shop was closed during the procession and subsequent interment, and more than fifty thousand strangers, (together with the actors of every London theatre, major and minor), graced the ceremony—a tribute to departed genius honorable to Englishmen.

Kean's bones lie in an "omnibus" vault, outside of the front door of the old Richmond church, without the slightest memorial to "tell of his whereabout."—We were lately perambulating by the very spot, when our attention was attracted by an intelligent-looking lad, with a small painting-pot and brush in his hand.—He was anxiously looking, through the iron railing evidently with the view of identifying some particular spot, which being ascertained, he began smearing the coping-stone with some ill-shapen letters, meant for KEAN.

"What are you doing there, my lad?" we asked.

"Only marking the spot where poor Kean lies, sir. You see, I'm not in the letter line, for I'm only 'prenticed to a house-painter, but look there, sir, folks must take Fred Warner's will for his deed.

We were pleased, and offered him a shilling for his trouble; he felt insulted, and putting it aside with a noble toss of the head, cried, "No thank you, sir: I didn't paint that for money, but for love, and to shame some of the crack chisels and brushes, who talk so much and do so little!"

Before I could reply, the fine-spirited boy had put his paint-pot under his arm, and walked off, reciting, *sotto voce*, as he went,

"A poor player
That struts his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more."

As we stood gazing on Kean's unrecorded grave, we involuntarily took our card case and pencil,—"our muse labored, and thus she was delivered:—

"You lack the chisel, Edmund Kean,
To mark the cell in which you rot;

N'importe!

Your genius will be praised, I ween,
When sculptured fools are quite forgot."

POWER.—Power that *is*, Powell that *was*—(Welsh in 1812, Irish in 1836!)—David Powell, (for under that sponsorial and patronymic, we understand the now justly popular actor, Tyrone Power), was bred and brought up in that delightfully picturesque county, Glamorgan, in the principality of Wales. His mother, though in very straitened circumstances, resolved that her darling, little dainty Davy, (as she fondly called him) should be "a man of letters;" therefore, scraping together what little cash she could muster, and with that fond anticipation of future fame which only mothers can truly understand, she apprenticed her then "lump of a boy" to Mr. Bird, a printer in the town of Cardiff, the capital of the aforesaid county of Glamorgan. The gentle reader will not be surprised that it has created much astonishment amongst humorous ex-Cardiffites, now Londonites, to see the formerly well-known *diabolus ad typo*, little Davy, strutting his hour on the metropolitan and other stages as "the great Tyrone." Talk of Ovid's metamorphoses!—poh!—are any of them comparable with that of our *ci-devant* "*diabolus ad typo?*" Amongst those who were "perplext in the extreme" was the lady who used to cut and forward his matin and vesper thick slices of bread-and-butter; (Mrs. Bird, the widow of little Davy's former master, but now re-married to that justly-celebrated friend to artists and distributor of the arts, Mac Cormack, the printseller in the Strand); nor did this metamorphosis appear less wonderful to the astonished vision of the veteran Adamson, of Bedford-street, Covent Garden—that venerable collector of scarce prints—(prints, if possible, more scarce and venerable than himself). This Adamson, in his prime of manhood and little Davy's apprenticeship, was the manager of the Thespian company which made an annual visit to Cardiff.

"To drown the stage with tears,
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears."

Such was Adamson, and it was from him (the now antique collector) that little Davy Power first imbibed

"A spark from Shakspeare's muse of fire;"

and the reiterated applause bestowed on manager Adamson's tragedy blew the aforesaid spark into a flame too strong for Mr. Bird's printing-office, or Mrs. Bird's bread-and-butter to control. It was little Davy's duty, as "*diabolus ad typo*," to attend the Thespian manager with the proof of each night's play-bill for correction, and this "official situation" carried with it the privilege of the *entré dans les culisses*.

Little Davy was then (as he is now) what his Glamorgan compatriots very aptly termed a 'cute lad; he looked on the stage, and was enamoured:—he looked at Bird's printing-office, and turned up his then apology for a nose. (Mem. It has since elongated).

Manager Adamson had that very evening "done Romeo!" and the applause yet tingled in Davy's ears, as he whistled his way home to his attic dormitory and truckle-bed. As he laid his head on his pillow, he argued with himself thus:—"If Manager Adamson, on the shady side of forty, can obtain so much applause as young Romeo, what may not I expect, who am but eighteen?"—The die was cast—the Rubicon was passed; and fired with the same ambitious feeling that swelled the breast of the first Cæsar, who usurped the world—

"Aut Roscius, aut nullus"

was from that hour little Davy Powell's motto.

We soon after found him in the north of England. with the finall *ll* of his Welsh patronymic metamorphosed into a rolling *r!* which change, we suppose, was made merely to annoy the good people of Newcastle, where he then acted, as they are notoriously bothered in their pronunciation of the aforesaid letter *r*; at least, we never heard of any other or any better reason for the change.

Davy had carried with him the Glamorganshire twang upon the tip of his tongue; but how was he to get rid of the nuisance? In this dilemma a rale Irish jintleman was found in the *corps dramatique*, who, for the small charge of a few glasses of whiskey toddy, undertook to cure Welch, or any other disease, (he having once walked the Dublin hospitals, and then walked off from his creditors there!) Poor Davy became his spirited pupil; but while losing his native Welsh, he unfortunately picked up too much of his tutor's native Irish, to which he added an occasional seasoning of the Newcastle burr, which made the most unaccountable mixture that ever was inflicted on any audience in the three kingdoms, not excluding the principality of Wales.

After a lapse of time, we find Mister Power announced in Dublin, as from the Newcastle theatre—he appeared as Romeo! Now, whether the native Welsh and the inoculated Irish, when amalgamated with the Northumbrian burr, did not please the fastidious ears of the *elite* of Dublin, we cannot say. but the treasurer reported "a miserable account of empty boxes." Then Manager Frederick Jones wisely said to his deputy thus:—"As they think this young Englishman so funny in trag[illegible], we'd better try him in comedy." The young Englishman, Mr. Power, accordingly appeared as Trappanti, (Bannister's celebrated part in "She Would and she Would not,") but unfortunately, the Dublin boys thought his Trappanti was not half so comical as his Romeo! He soon quitted the Irish shore, exclaiming with Coriolanus,

"There is a world elsewhere!"

This was his first visit to Ireland. The idea of converting himself into an Irishman had not then entered his fertile brain, much less the after-assumed prodigiously Hibernian sponsorial of "Tyrone!"

He returned to England! in course of time found his way to our modern Babylon, and went the round of our minor theatres for many years, unknown and unnoticed; he even obtained "an appearance," as 'tis called at Drury Lane—came out as Tristram Fickle, and went in again, for no engagement or second appearance occurred on that arena. Thus his talent remained behind a cloud, till young Rodwell fortunately wrote a farce, in which was a Paddy O'Halloran, a whiskey-loving Irish footman. Power wished to play the master (an English gentleman), and was with difficulty prevailed upon to undertake to "to do a bit of Irish by way of experiment." He reluctantly consented to go out of his line to oblige the author; every speech in the part contained a joke for the pit or a clap-trap for the gallery; and so admirably did Power seem to act, that his assumed brogue deceived even the denizens of famed St. Giles's while the Englishers were absolutely delighted with "the broth of a boy!"

This was his first stepping stone to fame and comfort; for fortune, who before had never deigned to give him even a look, or a "How do you?" now smiled upon him in a way that only ladies smile, and even enlisted grim death in his service, who, at the blind goddess's command, and even without a moment's warning, laid his icy hand upon poor Charles Conor, the then occupier of all the Irish characters on the Covent Garden and the Haymarket boards. Power instantly became his successor, and has ever since maintained his ground with general and deserved approbation; and whether Welsh or Irish, *n'importe*, he has professional talent, gentlemanly conduct, and that which to him is better, worldly tact, that would do credit to any country.

Power is undoubtedly one of the best actors of a certain description, the low Irish characters, at present on the stage, but he cannot pourtray the gentleman—the character of nature: we mean those met with in society, such as Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Major O'Flaherty, &c. &c., therefore, (much to his credit, we think), he avoids them as much as the convenience of his managers will allow: but as the Irish eccentric, (characters not seen in real life, but merely hatched in the brain of some Crofton Croker-headed dramatist), Power is the soul of whim—himself alone. A Mr. Kerbland, of Dublin, lately wrote an excellent dramatic extravaganza, (excellent merely for its extravagance), called "O'Flannagan and the Fairies," in which Power appeared when the Covent Garden manager last engaged him, and he obtained, and deservedly so, great applause in it.

Power's cast of characters being so confined, the managers in London will not give him a season's engagement at the salary he wishes; they, therefore, only retain him when wanted, for a few weeks at a time; which, we suppose, answers their mutual interest, though it obliges him to become a wandering, instead of a stationary actor, which for his own personal comfort he ought to be; but *necessitas non habet legem*. Having scoured England and Ireland, he has gone on a second American trip, and with a better prospect of profit, for it seems he has now acquired a new art, "the art of book-making," and has, though in a directly opposite point, even out-Trollopped Mrs. Trollope, and out-Kembled Fanny Kemble, and beslavered so much blarney on America, that even Jonathan himself, with his most craving appetite and capacious swallow for English and Irish flattery, must allow that Power, in his cunningly-written book, has given them more than *quantum suff*.

But he ever was, and still is, what his Welsh associates styled him, a 'cute lad, and doubtless will know how to play with Yankee prejudices, and laugh in his sleeve while he pockets their dollars. Though not possessed of much genius, he has tact, more of it, than any man in his profession, and whether as comic actor, or cunning book-maker, may he wisely use the magic power supposed to be imparted to gentlemen who have once wandered through the sweet groves of blarney, and may the oil of his tongue, and the oil of his book, smooth down the prejudices of rough and irritable brother Jonathan, until he (Tyrone Power!) has realised "dollars" enough to return to the known comforts of "merry England," and there enjoy well-merited domestic happiness as husband and as father in

"The ingle nook of his bra' cottage,"

in the sweet and rural town of Tunbridge: till then, *Vivat* TYRONE POWER!

We copy the following from "The Albion" of last week:—

MR. TYRONE POWER.—We have admitted an article to-day relative to this gentleman, which appeared in the September number of the Metropolitan Magazine. In doing so, we beg to be understood, that we have not done it in consequence of entertaining the slightest belief in its revelations, but on the contrary, that we have given it insertion for the purpose of its refutation.

In this medley, which will be found under the head of "Our Actors," the old story of Mr. Power being of Welch, and not of Irish origin, is vamped up and re-asserted with a confidence and a hardihood that might carry conviction with it, unless promptly denied. That the whole story is a gross fabrication, we know, and deserves to be treated with the contempt it has always received from the distinguished actor and his friends; but since the tale has assumed some form and shape, by its appearance in a work like the "Metropolitan," the time does seem to have arrived when Mr. Power should take some notice of it. He has accordingly done so, and we subjoin to this paragraph a letter from Mr. P. on the subject. We sympathize with him, as his feelings appear to have been wounded; but we can assure him that for our own parts, the slanders adverted to have never for a moment been entertained by us—nor, we believe, by any who know him. As an actor, we have ever pronounced him to be the *very first* in the line of Irish characters, and the public at large in both hemispheres, have given the most conclusive evidence of similar sentiments. It would be idle at this time of day to discuss his ability to perform Irish gentlemen; it is sufficient to say that he is the first actor living in Irish parts of *all kinds*; and that if he is not a gentleman on the stage, he is certainly one off the stage, which is more than can be said of some of his critics.

In justice to ourselves, we must be allowed to say, that we should not have admitted the article into our columns, had not Mr. Power himself specially desired it—it is a style of criticism by no means to our taste, and the allusions to the people of this country are such as we rarely suffer to appear in our journal. We now beg to introduce Mr. Power himself.

"*To the Editor of the Albion.*

"SIR—In the *Metropolitan* for September, I find the *rechauffée* of a series of scurrilous falsehoods, first published some years ago in a London Sunday paper, the existence of which depends upon the amount of scandal furnished by it. Whilst these stories were issued forth from this and similar sources, I passed them by, considering that the Prints in question rendered refutation unnecessary, and also from an unwillingness to obtrude myself or my personal affairs or feelings upon public notice; but this cowardly attack, made on me in my absence from my home, finding place in a Magazine, which, having a British officer for its responsible editor, should be respectable, I consider it due to my family, to myself, and to the American friends who have received me so warmly, briefly to make reply to the only point which really affects me; and which, if true, would brand me as one who had imposed upon society, denied his native country, and abjured the name of his fathers. This, sir, is the position, in plain terms, in which the scoundrel author of my pretended Memoir places me, and this is what I would refute.

"Who a man is, may be of little importance to the world, but what he is, forms a consideration of weight in the social circles wherein he is admitted; now, sir, in my opinion, few men choose voluntarily to change their names, and deny their country, without having done some act disgraceful to one or both, and most surely had I been born in Wales, and had my name been Powell, there is no act of my life which could have led me to conceal either. Neither dishonesty or dishonor attach themselves to my career, and it is the implication of this alone I am solicitous to remove. For the rest of the article in question, it is far too contemptible to notice; and for the writer, I leave him to the full enjoyment of the wages earned by such means. I am not a dealer in angry words, nor is this the time, or your Journal the vehicle, in which to express myself on this head more plainly.

"In conclusion, sir, permit me to assure you, on my soul and honor, that the land of my birth and of my fathers is—IRELAND; and the name I have always borne, from the baptismal font, to the marriage altar, and down to this day, is that by which I now subscribe myself, Your obliged and humble servant,

"TYRONE POWER."

There is a feeling and sincerity pervading this letter, which must carry conviction with it, and prove a sufficient refutation of the fabulous trumpery which has called it forth. We entreat Mr. Power to dismiss the matter from his mind, and leave it to the justice and decision of the public.

Before we have done, it may be well enough to inform our readers, that the story had its foundation from Mr. Power's name having been confounded with that of a Mr. Powell, who *was* a Welchman, and occasionally played Irish characters. This gentleman's career was rather erratic, and somewhat *liberal*, withal, much to the discomfiture of Mr. Power, who, from the similarity of their names, was often called upon to pay his debts. On one fine morning, we have heard, Mr. Power had the honor of being "tapped on the shoulder" for a debt of his worthy cotemporary's contracting! And on various occasions, no less than three "deserted wives," and an equal number of ready made children, either through themselves or their representatives, presented claims to Mr. Power for paternity and protection. All this is known in London, but the concoctor of the article so much complained of has chosen to adopt the fable and not the fact.

MR. COCHRAN AND HIS RIFLE.

COCHRAN'S MANY CHAMBERED NON-RECOILING RIFLE.

The extraordinary invention of a young American, native of New Hampshire, and which is now being for the first time exhibited to the public, at the Fair of the American [illegible]stitute, Niblo's Garden, deserves more than a passing notice. There are circumstances connected with it which give it a peculiar, if not romantic, interest in the history of the arts in our country. If any thing was wanted amidst the multitude of extraordinary inventions which have for the last half century been recorded in the archives of our patent office, to illustrate and establish the pre-eminent claims of our countrymen to genius of a high order, it would be that which forms the particular subject of our remarks.

Mr. Cochran's father was a lawyer, and afterwards a merchant of eminence in Enfield, New Hampshire; and the son, John Webster Cochran, was born there, and has invented the species of fire-arms in question, was brought up to no particular business. At the very early age, however, of sixteen, he discovered a strong taste and passion for mechanical experiments. and was constantly occupied in the construction of machinery, which his father approving of, unlike many other fathers, encouraged, and to further the wishes of his son, expended several thousand dollars in his behalf, in the cost of the different kinds of apparatus required.

When only eighteen, he made the discovery in question, but did not perfect it until three years after. He then went to France and England, and exhibited his model cannon to Louis Philippe, and William the IV. While at Paris in 1833-4, he was requested by the Turkish Ambassador to explain it to the Turkish Minister in London, and accordingly went to Woolwich, and performed a series of experiments before the latter personage, which gave so much satisfaction, that he urged Mr. C. to visit the Sultan at Constantinople, and for that purpose provided him with the most flattering recommendations to the Court of the Sublime Porte. Mr. Cochran arrived at Constantinople Feb. 11th, 1835, was received with great distinction, and introduced to the Sultan by the Grand Vizier. His Turkish Majesty was highly pleased with the experiments made with the model, told Mr. C. he was satisfied it would be generally adopted, and requested him to cast twelve pounders on the same principle. He was provided with elegant apartments in Pera, raised to the dignity of Master of Cannon, and furnished with as many workmen as he required for the accomplishment of his task. The treatment, in fact, which he received, was equivalent to that of the rank of an ambassador.

Mr. Cochran, however, finding there was no good foundry or mechanics, was obliged to undertake the work with his own hands; and though not brought up to the business of making machinery of any kind, by dint of much labor and perseverance made himself all the necessary implements, the augers and the wooden apparatus for boring with horse power, and the preparations required for procuring the proper castings. By good fortune he succeeded entirely to his wishes, and cast and bored three cannon, two of one pound each, and the third a *twelve pounder*, which last was finished in a style as perfect as he could have desired. On the 14th September following, he proved this last piece to his entire satisfaction, in presence of all the chief officers of the Turkish Government, who were delighted with its execution, and made a highly flattering report to the Sultan. He fired it off in the presence of those officers, to their utter astonishment, 100 times in fifteen minutes. The Sultan, when he heard of it, would scarcely believe it, and directed Mr. C. to perform the same experiments in his presence. The most extensive preparations were accordingly made for this important trial, which was to take place at Tarache, on the European side of the Bosphorus.

No less than 3000 troops were assembled at this spot. The Sultan, at the hour appointed, came over from his summer residence on the Asiatic shore, rowed in one of his splendid *caiques*, and preceded by a long line of other boats of the same description. The one which announced the approach of the Sultan was manned by 40 oarsmen, and came with even more lightning speed than that in which his august Highness himself was seated. As the latter was seen nearing the wharf, Mr. Cochran, at the suggestion of Halil Pacha, the Sultan's son-in-law, and commander-in-chief of the land forces, fired off a salute of 21 guns (the customary number) with the experimental cannon, which consumed less than two minutes, and struck the assembled multitude with the utmost amazement. As the Sultan at this moment stepped on the wharf, Halil, accompanied by the Grand Vizier and other dignitaries, ran to his Majesty, and the former making the usual salaam of kissing the Sultan's foot, announced to him with feelings of exultation that could scarcely be repressed, the wonderful success of the machine cannon, as they appropriately named it. The Sultan arrived at his tent, then sent for the *Master of the Cannon*, the title which was given to Mr. Cochran, and after a short conference with him, in which Mr. C. conversed chiefly in the Turkish language, which he had partially acquired, the Sultan renewing his expressions of kindness, requested him to perform the experiment in his presence. His Majesty placed himself within a few feet of the piece, and Mr. Cochran commencing rather sooner than was anticipated, the Sultan then with his back towards the cannon was at first somewhat startled at hearing the explosions suddenly succeeding each other with such inconceivable rapidity. The cannon was fired 100 times as before in 15 minutes, during which the barrel acquired 650 deg. of heat, while the revolving cylinder, which contained the charges, was comparatively cool, being only 250 deg. of temperature. The Sultan's exclamation expressive of his delight was, "God save the Americans;—if such boys as you are (Mr. C. being then but 21) can invent such things, what can your men do!"

He then asked him for the bill of expenses, and being told by Mr. C. it was left to his own pleasure, he went the next day at the request of the Sultan to visit him at his palace. The bag of gold he there received was truly an imperial present, and enough to make his fortune. The amount would scarcely be believed should we name it, and we do not feel ourselves authorized to specify the sum more distinctly than may be inferred from what we have said.

Mr. Cochran soon after returned to America, with the understanding that he should have a contract for supplying a large number of cannon of the pattern proposed, whenever it could be agreeable for him to execute it.

These adventures of Mr. Cochran, yet a youth, seeking in a foreign land that patronage and encouragement which were the proper measure and appreciation justly due to his pre-eminent talents, and which it is lamentable to be obliged to confess, his own countrymen would not have bestowed upon him, recall the similar examples of West, Fulton, Perkins, and others, and are calculated to reflect discredit upon our national reputation, inasmuch as Americans ought to be the first to reward those inventive powers which are so emphatically characteristic of, as well as honorable to, the genius of our people.

DESCRIPTION OF THE INVENTION.

The invention of Mr. Cochran is adapted to every species of fire-arms. The articles at present being exhibited by him at the Fair, are a model cannon, similar to that experimented upon before the Turkish Emperor, and a rifle complete, which we shall now proceed to describe. He has fired this rifle 1200 times, 500 of which discharges were fired in rapid succession, and without producing any expansion whatever in the chambers of the cylinder, or giving to it a greater temperature than 100 degrees of Fahrenheit. As many as 2000 discharges are required before the rifle will have been properly tested after the rule of the War Department. Mr. C. is ready at any time to fulfil this compliment, and go beyond it. This afternoon he will fire it at Niblo's Garden 500 times in succession. The cylinder is a solid piece of iron, revolving in the plane of the barrel, and occupying a position directly at the base of the barrel which it is in close contact with. The dimensions of the cylinder are in diameter about 4 inches, and in thickness seven-eighths of an inch. There are in this one nine open chambers for the charges, which chambers are perforated upon the periphery and converge like radii upon the centre. The cones on which the percussion caps are placed form another series of radii concentric and within the circuit of the chambers—a solid metallic partition dividing all the caps from each other. Each cone for the cap communicates with its appropriate chamber, and opens in the centre of the chamber, so that the whole charge of powder is ignited at once, by which the explosion of all the powder is made in one half the time of ordinary rifles, and therefore so much the more force given to it, and consequently a much less charge is required—the weight of the charge being only *one grain and a half*. As each chamber in its revolution comes in an exact line with the tube of the barrel, the cock strikes the percussion cap, and the explosion takes place instantaneously. The chambers, as they successively come into a line with the barrel in the revolutions of the cylinder, are momentarily retained firm in this position by the *regulating dog* connected with the cylender where it joins the breech, and the pin of which dog catches in the small perforations made at equal distances for its reception. Nor can the cock strike the percussion cap until it is in exact position, for if the chamber is not in its proper place, the socket into which the hammer of the cock falls has presented to it only the metallic partitions between the cones, and therefore on striking these no explosion can take place. Nor can any accident happen from explosions of the other chambers contiguous to the one in connection with the barrel. Such an accident never did happen with this rifle, and if it should, the direction of the chambers is such that their charges would do no mischief. Nor can the flash of the powder in the chamber in a line with the tube of the rifle be communicated to the other chambers, as the joint of the cylinder where it comes in contact with the barrel is so close, that it is air tight, and will not permit of such extension of the ignited powder. The charge of one grain and a half of powder requires a size of ball of 50 to the pound, and the force is sufficient to perforate eight boards, each of one inch thickness, at the distance of 60 feet. The arrangement of the ball is another beautiful and ingenious invention. Their diameter is exactly fitted to the chamber, but larger than the diameter of the tube of the barrel by an increment equivalent to the depth of the spiral creases on the inside of the tube. So that no *patch* is required as in other rifles, for it is forced into the tube of the barrel and exactly fitted to it by becoming compressed into a cylindrical shape, and its sides grooved by the creases of the barrel, whereby it is kept firmly in its course and moves steadily and with such precision and so closely wedged that there is no *windage* can get before the ball and give an irregularity to its motion—a serious inconvenience to which all other rifles are liable. The aim of Mr. Cochran's rifle therefore is always deadly and sure. By this arrangement there is another additional powe acquired, for you have the entire force of the charge behind the ball until it leaves the muzzle, and in the same proportion is the velocity augmented, and therefore, a less charge required on this account as well as on account of the manner in which the percussion cones communicate with the chambers as already stated. The creases of the barrel, as we before said, keep the ball exactly in its place throughout its course to the muzzle, whereas, the patch, always used in ordinary rifles, is constantly liable to tear, which causes the irregularity of the ball's motion, and defeats the very object for which rifles were intended. The manner in which the percussion cones communicate with the middle of the chambers, causes the powder to explode in one half the time it would if the ignition took place at the end of and posterior to the chamber.

As an evidence of the accuracy and effectiveness of this rifle, Mr. Cochran related a bear hunt, in which he took part, a few days since, on the Moose Mountains, in his native State of New Hampshire. He fired at the animal with the rifle now at the Exhibition, and lodged nine balls in his brain while he was under full way, at the distance of some four or five rods from him. The bear was brought to the ground, and the nine balls recognized and identified from the others lodged near them, by the grooves made in them by the creases of the tubes and by their cylindrical shape. His brother sportsmen, who had until then deemed themselves in possession of good sporting pieces, expressed themselves in raptures at the superiority of their young countryman's magic rifle.

Another remarkable property in this rifle is, that it has not the least recoil whatever, so that there is not the slightest jar or irregularity in the direction.

The rifle will be fired at Niblo's 500 times in succession this afternoon. The patent right for the rifle and pistol for the United States has been sold by Mr. Cochran to the trustees of a company in this city for $300,000. Richard and Richardson, No. 41 South-street, are the agents for the company, and have a large manufactory at Springfield, Massachusetts, and are selling the rifles faster than they can make them.

Col. Bomford, at the head of the Ordinance Department, U. S. Army, who was present at the Fair, was so much pleased with Mr. Cochran's rifle, that he ordered him to make one and bring it to Washington for experiment.

N. Y. Evening Star.

We think one of the Ohio editors has rather a fair hit at the editor of the New-Castle, Delaware, Gazette. This latter individual, since he concluded to become a Van Buren man, had placed a *Jack Ass* at the head of an article in his paper, abusing Gen. Harrison. Our Ohio friend, whose own paper is neutral in politics, remarks that nothing is more common than for authors to prefix their portraits as frontispieces to their own works.

Courier and Enq.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR SUPERIOR RIFLE SHOOTING.

FROM THE BARON DE BERENGER'S HIGHLY INTERESTING AND USEFUL MISCELLANY, "HELPS AND HINTS."

He that would be eminent as a marksman,—he that would know the reason, when he finds that, although shooting with brilliant success one day, he is but a wretched performance on a following, (and such mortifying changes are but too frequent with rifle-shots fond of the practice, yet possessing but a superficial knowledge of those scientific gleanings which alone can make them, what they ought to be, unerring,)—he that covets the denomination of

A SKILFUL RIFLEMAN, ought to be—steady, persevering,—cool,—patient,—self-possessed,—active,—bold,—neat and cleanly in his armory,—observant both of effects and causes,—and deeply reflecting on what he has observed.

You should know, my dear Son, that these effects and causes not only are intimately connected with the mysteries of nature, but that, varying as they do daily, it requires no small share of acumen, and a considerable store of philosophical knowledge, to understand their influence upon ball-shooting; and thus it is that a scientific rifle-shot knows how to secure an advantage over most of those that are unthinking, or as deficient in education, as many of the gunmakers, and nearly all the gamekeepers are; for, by converting that into an advantage which to them is an obstacle, he becomes a constantly successful shot, whilst they, although they may even be his superiors in executive skill, are liable to be perplexed on perceiving that different, and often humiliating, results follow the very course which, but a day or two before, had made them very conspicuous for success; and which, in the superstition of the darker ages, caused the firm belief that the constantly and eminently successful rifleman must have sold his soul to the devil: and that the rifle of a jager, whose success had changed to failure, must, or himself, have been changed by the baneful agency of witchcraft: accordingly,

Rifle-shooting derives another recommendation from the general taste for philosophical researches which it imparts to the mind of a deeply-reflecting cultivator of that acquirement, and from the improvement of his reasoning faculties, and of the other qualifications for such enviable, because dignified, pursuits; all these will be found to improve to such a degree, as to lead on to an habitual scrutiny of even the most profound theorems, in order to make them applicable, if not subservient, to the combating of whatever difficulties, and of pneumatical obstacles especially, by the aid of skill founded in knowledge.

Should your impatience to obtain my instructions, as to the actual practice in ball-shooting, lead you to ask for a curtailment of this introductory information, I feel bound to remind you that, since your first care will be to obtain a first-rate rifle, its possession will serve you but little, and then only occasionally, unless you have acquired sufficient knowledge to combat the impediments which nature and circumstances constantly will oppose to your success: your excellent rifle, your superior appointments, and very best ammunition, all these will only serve to mortify you, unless they are used with the support of that peculiar character which I have just pointed out; and I beg you additionally to rest assured, that habits so fixed, may prove of first-rate consequence to most of your pursuits in life!—excuse the dryness of all this, but do not reject the moral it contains; next let me give you a hint, although for it your present disposition seems to have no occasion,—still, bear in mind that

To succeed, you must be so unfashionable as to avoid whatever excess; or, at the least, you should refrain from all such previous to practice, and that sometime even before any great trial of skill, for this is as important to success as training is to a pugilistic champion.

The sights of a rifle cannot be made too neatly: they should have firm and well-made joints; the leaves should be thin, and lay square to the barrel; and the notches should all be placed over each other, and with the greatest nicety; the dovetail and groove, which fasten the sight on to the barrel, ought to be a tight fit, and the proper situation of the sight should be marked on both, with a very fine notch, or rather scratch, when the rifle is finished or regulated. The notches vary in shape, according to the eye or fancy of the marksman: some like them obtuse angles, some very acute and fine; for my part, the notch made with a penknife can hardly be fine enough for me. Some have but one deep, and at top wide notch, which they make use of at all distances, making "the corn" (the front sight) rise in it higher as the distance becomes greater.

It certainly shows great expertness to shoot in this way, yet for very fine shooting it is not suitable, since the notch is most roomy at top, where, owing to the much extended range, it is desirable that it should have no play sideways, since a hair's breadth in 300 yards may make a difference of three or four feet or more from the object fired at.

The worst sights, I mean sights on the barrel, are holes; since, besides dazzling with something like inverted rays, they have no straight line or notch, wherein you can raise or lower a front sight as occasion may require, yet by this nicety it is that in the shooting-practice the greatest skill can be displayed; wherefore your front sight should not be shaped like a pin's head, but rather something like an oat-grain cut in two, with the top brought to a fine edge. The front sight cannot be too carefully preserved from bruises, &c.; it may also be a shifting one, to be marked when its situation has been settled, but with a young beginner it had better be a fixture. The worst of all sights are half round holes, or rather notches, made with a rat-tail file: they may suit some sort of pistols, where a quick sight is wanted, and even then I do not like them, but on rifles they are worse than useless! they lay apparently right, although the barrel inclines sideways, which is a leading fault, because productive of misleading; for I wish you to bear in mind, that one of the most important cares in rifle-shooting is, to

Hold or lay the rifle so that the barrel is transversely level. It is too much neglected, nay, it hardly is known by the plurality of rifle-shots, that true shooting cannot take place without this precaution! This you will easily comprehend, when I remind you that your elevation must rise perpendicularly over your bullet, or it cannot serve as a sufficient elevation, for the ball will not make a parabola sideways. Only take a rifle, and turn the barrel so much sideways (the better to see it), that the sight may be shifted a quarter of a circle to the right from its proper place: now, looking through the sights sideways, aim at some object, but with the rifle laying on the table: thereupon rise and leave it there, remaining in that line of aim; now lay a ruler along the centre of the barrel, for it will give you the line the bullet would pursue; on looking over the edge of the rule you will find that the real aim is considerably to the right, and that the loss of elevation, as a matter of course, will make it hit much below besides.

If your barrel is properly squared it will aid you much in presenting during your aim at any object square to the line of elevation; and, for such reasons, the leaves of the sights should be squared with more nicety than they generally are. I cannot help repeating that much, very much, of your success will depend upon your rigid observance of this particular way of holding or laying your rifle. Another important acquirement is

A CORRECT JUDGMENT AS TO DISTANCES; for, unless that knowledge is perfect, the application of settled elevations, provided for particular distances, in the shape of sights, must be more puzzling than successful. A person may be an excellent and certain judge of distances in streets, or over cultivated tracts or levels; but when taken to a heath or broken ground, he may be as constantly mistaken; but when his view is intercepted by water, or when it ranges over mountain scenery, it is more than likely that he will blunder most wofully. The only way to acquire this, to rifle-shooting, indispensable knowledge, is to practise measuring first by the eye, and thereupon provingly by steps, the different distances, which walks in all the above-mentioned situations, may afford you. Military riflemen ought to be drilled in this way, for thus, and thus only, perfection, and familiarity with the allowance which must be made in different situations, may be acquired. It is in this particular chiefly that the back-woodsmen of America, the Indians, and even the Hottentots excel; for, being always in situations where they can confirm their theory or supposition by practice, they soon acquire a power of measuring distances by sight, even to the greatest nicety. This also gives the German Jagers (constantly in the woods and plains as they are) a practical superiority over most others; yet even then, take them into the Tyrol or Switzerland, and in the mountain ranges they will be betrayed into as many mistakes as the most expert marksmen of both the latter countries in their turn will be, when taken to large plains, or to level forests.

Eroneous measurements are not always to be attributed to ignorance in reference to space or distance; optic illusions often occasion mistakes, even to puzzle persons who, in the absence of such illusions are good judges of distance; accordingly, a rifle-shot not only ought to study the extent of these deceptions, but he should be a general and close obsever of nature, and of the influence on ocular mensuration which different effects or changes may occasion; for example: a considerable variation in an estimate of distance may be caused by—the difference between bright and dull days,—by mist,—rain,—sleet,—snow,—or haziness;—by flying clouds, or their shadows;—by sunrise or setting;—by the reflection from bright clouds, snow, or from water;—by sunbeams through the openings between clouds:—nay, even by smoke or dust.

In order to give you INSTRUCTIONS IN RIFLE-SHOOTING, that shall make a lasting impression, let me now draw your attention to the leading features of a rifle: I mean

The grooves which are cut into the interior surfaces of rifled barrels, (and which operation is called "rifling,") and the

DEFECTS IN BULLETS, which occasioned their introduction. To understand me readily, I have to remind you of certain facts which are undisputed; namely,

1st. That metals are expanded by heat, and contracted by cold; and that, therefore, melted lead must occupy more cubic space in a fluid than in a congealed state.

2d. That, since it contracts by cooling, it cannot fail to do so first, and more quickly in the part which loses its caloric or heat before the other parts.

3d. That every leaden bullet cast in a mould unavoidably has a little cavity within it as the result of such a contraction: a cavity that varies in size, in conformity with the temperature of the lead, and that never is to be found in the centre of a bullet; its situation generally being towards the neck of the mould, because the lead begins to cool there sooner than elsewhere.

4. That bullet, having a cavity not truly centrically situated, when thrown or projected must be influenced in its flight by that cavity; inasmuch as one part of the sphere being lighter than the other parts, the object sought by the most skilful aim must be defeated, since a deflection from the line of impulse cannot fail to be occasioned by the effect which the most solid part of the sphere or bullet will produce by its preponderance over the hollow part.

To make a body that has more weight on one side than on the other move in strict conformity with any given direction, that is, uninfluenced by such an inequality, seemed a foolish, because, in the eyes of most an impracticable endeavor, since it looked like a paradoxical defiance to the laws of gravity; but the inventive genius of some ancient German sportsman triumphed over this supposed impossibility, and by an idea that was as bold as the perseverance to overcome the difficulties of a perplexing execution was praiseworthy at any time, but at that unenlightened age the more especially: for, by ingeniously making interior incisions or grooves, which descend spirally from the muzzle to the breech of a rifle-barrel, and by causing the bullet to receive slight incisions from the bearings which are between such grooves, this cunning old marksman, by firing a bullet so controlled, proved that he knew how to impart to it a rapid rotation on the axis of his flight, which destroyed, or rather counteracted, every diverging influence; that is, so long only as the range was within the continuance of the spiral motion, and which latter, drawing out something like the straining of a spiral wire towards the extremity of its flight, approached more and more to the straight line, at last to lose, unless coming in contact with some object, the spiral impulse entirely; the deflecting influence of the heaviest side of the bullet thereupon, and as a matter of course, coming into action. So convincing were the first displays of this invention, that the adoption of such an improved gun for ball-shooting was as extensive throughout Germany as rapid; and, after spreading over most parts of Europe, was transferred to America also, by means of some of the German emigrants; for it is to them originally that the American back-woodsmen of the present day owe the fame they now seek to found a claim on, as to their superiority over those, in reality, scientific rifle-shots, the German jagers; a claim that is, however, founded in boast only, even with the incessant practice which these back-woodsmen have, for they shoot everything with ball, scarcely moving anywhere, not even the boys, without a rifle.

The principle originally introduced has not been improved, although in matters of execution the moderns have been more successful. Innovators of the old mode have succeeded in one thing only, that of crippling their effect; for rifles that do not impart to a bullet such a rotary motion to the full range of 300 or 400 yards, are less useful than even smooth barrelled guns, since a ball from the latter reaches the object quicker than one discharged from a rifle. You must not imagine that an increase of powder is sure to continue that rotary motion to an extended range; for, unless very judiciously apportioned, it may cause the bullet to "cross the rifling," as is called the effect, when the expansive force of the powder causes the bullet to strip off the particles of lead which had entered the grooves by constriction thereupon to go straight out of a barrel, the same as from a smooth cylinder: it requires great nicety and judgment to adjust the propelling force, and the quantum of turn; that is, how much, more or less, the spiral winding is to be, and which must be proportioned alike to the length of the barrel, and to the utmost distance the bullet is to be projected; generally speaking, the spiral turn in a barrel of three feet should not be less than what is called "a three-quarter turn, that is, the spiral should form three parts of a circle in descending from the muzzle to the breech: not only should the charge of powder be moderate, but the bearings, and which ought not to be too wide between the groves, should have a proper and judiciously contrived, that is barely a sufficient hold of the bullet, to secure its receiving a spiral motion, and in continuance, yet under friction reduced as much as possible: this can be secured by a particular arrangement of the cutters on the rifling-rod, which, and the improved construction of the rifling-bench, form the leading secrets as to rifling barrels.

It is owing to negligence in such matters, and more particularly to a deficiency in the spiral turn, that rifles with barrels from two feet upwards, and having but a quarter turn, never can be made to shoot with certainty at beyond 150 yards! although in 1804 to 1805 the whole of the gunmakers in London (with the exception only of two or three) opposed, nay, ridiculed this my early and firm assertion, they have since (two only excepted) adopted not only most of my suggestions (as can be proved, although some now modestly proclaim them as having originated with themselves), but even the deprecated three quarter and whole turns! nor could they avoid, when, attending a small corps of marksmen, which I drilled for more than eight years, and with notorious success, they saw that all those who exchanged their quarter turn for three-quarter turn rifles, immediately became superior in skill to the others, and that after discarding almost all the quarter turn rifles this battallion accepted always, and with unvaried success, every challenge, and from whatever quarter, to maintain to the last its superiority, fearless of the boasts that were the heralds of these pompous, but humbled, challengers. I cannot conclude this subject without informing you how strangely the French gunmakers seem to view the object which reconciles the rifling of a barrel, for some, of even the best French makers, add to its friction without imparting to it any of its advantages; for, instead of letting the grooves go down spirally, they groove some of their barrels straight up and down, scorning to turn even a quarter of an inch; others content themselves by rifling a small piece of the barrel near the muzzle, and many groove them with numerous teeth like a saw; but the acme of folly is to be found in some of their case hardened barrels! and which, thus, after having been bored straight, and perhaps rifled true, must be curved, more or less, by the process of case hardening! I was shown a very splendid rifle, which had been Napoleon's, with a barrel grooved with saw like zig-zags more fit for a trepanning instrument! but, to crown the whole, case-hardened inside and outside! I will now direct your attention to

RIFLE BULLETS AND PATCHES.—In casting the former you cannot be too careful; the lead should not have been melted often, for that reduces its cubic weight, and makes it harder and more tin like; it should be good clean lead, and by throwing into a good sized ladleful about one and half inch of tallow candle, it will assist the taking off of the scum: your bullet-mould should be well made, and have a long neck: the necks of the bullets should be taken off neatly, that is, without cutting into the outline of the sphere, yet without leaving any part of the neck; and which can only be done by a curiously contrived cutting machine, which cuts spherically, or, in the absence of such, by your taking off the superfluous lead (after a square nipper cut) with a file, or a knife, so as to keep the ball perfectly round: you should now sort your bullets into three sizes; yes! into three, for, extraordinary as it would seem, the same mould will produce different sized bullets, by reason of the expansion and contraction of the lead. This sorting you can do, by causing a steel plate to be perforated and cherried out by the very cherry which has finished your ball-mould; now, by carefully passing your balls through the hole so made, you will find difficulty in passing some, these call large; others will just pass, call them middling; and some will appear too small for the hole, these call small. The last have been cast with very hot lead, and they will be found the lightest; the large have been cast when the lead was about to cool, and they will weigh considerably more than the last, partly because the mould received metal less expanded, and therefore more lead than when extremely expanded by great heat, whilst the interior activity will also be less in the large than the others. The middling speak for themselves, after what I have just said. When you have guaged and sorted them thus, put them separately by for use, and marked large, middling, and small.

This mode of going to ball practice with three sorts of balls has been held up to the public, and within very few years; and more so still, the being provided with patches of different thickness—as the recent discovery! of a very ardent aspirant to rifle-shooting fame; one, who did me the honor of adopting, in a similar manner, that is always as his own, not only some other, and as trivial matters, but also some of my inventions—but only to commit himself when he set about to enlighten others; for I was malicious enough to amuse myself by "letting out," to use rather a homely term, but just enough to give him and his treacherously servile French "cad," a great appetite, seasoned by plenty of perplexity; not that I feel annoyed at such plagiarism, since it is well known that most of his novel recommendations owed their birth to similar industry; many persons being well aware that not only myself, and as early as 1805, but most of the marksmen which I had the honor and gratification to drill used most of these so called recent discoveries upwards of twenty-five years before he made them his own, and more especially between 1808 and 1811. Even then some gunmakers good-naturedly and shrewdly pointed out to me, that by keeping a large ladle full of lead on the fire, and by taking lead out of it with a smaller ladle, nearly the same temperature of heat would be preserved, and the guaging be rendered unnecessary; but although this answers one purpose, I prefer those advantages which the difference caused by the other mode secures to me, for the small variation in the size of the balls, and in the thickness of the patches affords nice and ready remedies: for example, when your rifle is foul, you may take a somewhat thinner patch, or your small bullets; if your balls go too high you may take either a larger size or a thicker patch, or both, and *vice versa*. When barrels become warm from repeated firing, nay, from exposure to the rays of the sun on a hot day, it is convenient to use larger balls or thicker patches, in order to fill up the grooves of a barrel which on nice scrutiny will be found to have expanded, and therefore enlarged in the calibre; and on a very frosty day at first loading, and by reason of the contraction, when it will be difficult to get the ball down, although the barrel be perfectly clean, a smaller ball or thinner patch will be very acceptable; but for all these little niceties founded on close observation, a scientific marksman would not know how to secure a superiority over an opponent who may be better armed, or have the advantage of youth and health on his side; whereas with their aid he prefers a trial of skill under the perplexities of wind, moisture, &c., aware as he is, that, from the tempest it is that the pilot "gathers his laurel," and that ingenuity and perseverance may conquer and convert difficulty into an efficient whetstone to talent and laudable strife.

Patches should never be of leather, for, as it stretches, it is not so regular in filling all the grooves as calico, or thin cotton: flannel patches, as indeed all animal substances do, foul a gun too much to be recommended. Calico of different thicknesses with tallow spread on it, and doubled to have them clean and face to face, will be found to make the best of all patches.

Small calibres are all the fashion just now, but they are less likely to lead on to success than a larger bore. Every boy even knows that a heavy piece of metal can be thrown further than a sponge, or other light substance that is much larger; wherefore you will readily admit that a bullet of two ounces will make its way with more facility and truth than a quarter ounce ball, for it requires no reflection to discover why it is so; on the other hand, it will also be clear that the aim is less disturbed by the explosion of a small charge adequate to propel the latter, while the recoil, and other deviations, occasioned by so large a quantity of powder as is required to shoot with a two ounce ball, is worth calculating, and especially when shooting from the shoulder. With my countrymen (the Brandenburghers, and who invented the rifle, and it was also Frederick the Great of Prussia, who first employed riflemen in regular warfare) the favorite calibre ranges between twenty to twenty-five bullets to the pound (English weight,) as much for mountain and forest fighting as for sports; and our gigantic and almost iron-sided wild boars find even the last size quite an overmatch, provided it is sent forth to the proper place, and from a well-constructed rifle. The Americans are fond of small calibres, because they spoil the skins less; but then they are not fond of long ranges, nor of shooting with their light balls in windy weather, which would blow them away, where a twenty to the pound would require but a small allowance to be made for wind, I deem the latter size preferable to most others, everything considered, not omitting the breaking of bones and which must be secured, as merely marking the target with a spot of lead, is a practice that both in the field or in war proves a useless waste of time, since such rifles must be regulated afresh. You have seen that one drachm of powder with my percussion rifle serves to break a ball (twenty to the pound) into thin shavings upon our iron target, at even 300 yards; therefore gives force enough to secure the breaking of bones. After such a confirmation I could scarcely conceal my smiles, when witnessing an exhibition, made by the ingenious Mr Perkins, of his steam gun, and when shooting with it against an iron plate at a range not above twenty yards (mark only sixty feet), he flattened musket balls, barely flattened into lumps, half an an inch thick in the middle, persons, nay military men, proclaimed the force as "most wonderful," and which accordingly, and without taking the bulky apparatus, &c. into account, they further proclaimed as certainly rendering the use of gunpowder "ill judged" when compared with the force and merit of steam guns! I will not digress into a detail of the various objections to such artillery, but by referring you to undeniable tests, published in No. 65, Nov. 20, 1824, of the Mechanic's Magazine, and which are drawn from the Philosophical Transactions of 1792, and from experiments made by their scientific and indefatigable investigator Count Rumford, I shall be supported in the assertion, that greater expansive force can be carried in your waistcoat pocket than a steam gun, say but of nine, instead of the boasted twenty-four pound can pretend to afford; not noticing the great facility of disabling the latter, or of waiting for the proper moment for attacking a battery of steam guns; for, like men armed with air guns, they are vulnerable at a critical juncture, that can be hastened by manœuvring.

ANECDOTES OF SHERIDAN.

The "Literary Remains of the late William Hazlitt, with Thoughts on his Genius and Writings," has just appeared. From an essay, entitled "On the Want of Money," we give the following extracts, which present a sparkling galaxy of entertaining anecdote. After alluding to the inconvenience resulting from the want of means of obtaining a breakfast, the essayist proceeds:—

"The late Mr. Sheridan was often reduced to this unpleasant predicament.—Possibly he had little appetite for breakfast himself, but the servants complained bitterly on this head, and said Mrs. Sheridan was sometimes kept waiting for a couple of hours while they had to hunt through the neighborhood, and beat up for coffee, eggs, and French rolls. The same perplexity in this instance appears to have extended to the providing for the dinner; for so sharp set were they, that, to cut short a debate with a butcher's apprentice about leaving a leg of mutton without the money, the cook clapped it into the pot; the butcher's boy, probably used to such encounters, with equal coolness took it down again, and marched off with it in his tray in triumph. It required a man to be the author of 'The School for Scandal' to run the gauntlet of such disagreeable occurrences every hour of the day.

"Taylor, of the Opera house, used to say of Sheridan, that he could not pull off his hat to him in the street without its costing him fifty pounds; and if he stopped to speak to him, it was a hundred. No one could be a stronger instance than he was of what is called *living from hand to mouth*. He was always in want of money, though he received vast sums which he must have disbursed; and yet nobody can tell what became of them, for he paid nobody. He spent his wife's fortune (sixteen hundred pounds), in a six weeks' jaunt to Bath, and returned to town as poor as a rat. Whenever he and his son were invited out into the country, they always went in two postchaises and four—he in one, and his son Tom in another. This is the secret of those who live in a round of extravagance, and are at the same time always in debt and difficulty—they throw away all the ready money they get upon any new-fangled whim or project that comes in their way, and never think of paying off old scores, which of course accumulate to a dreadful amount. 'Such gain the cap of him who makes them fine, yet keeps his book uncrossed." Sheridan once wanted to take Mrs. Sheridan a very handsome dress down into the country, and went to Barber & Nunn's to order it, saying he must have it by such a day, but promising they should have ready money. Mrs. Barber (I think it was) made answer that the time was short, but that ready money was a very charming thing, and that he should have it. Accordingly, at the time appointed she brought the dress, which came to five and twenty pounds, and it was sent to Mr. Sheridan, who sent out a Mr. Grimm (one of his jackals) to say he admired it exceedingly, and that he was sure Mrs. Sheridan would be delighted with it, but he was sorry to have nothing under a hundred pound bank note in the house. She said she had come provided for such an accident, and could give change for a hundred, two hundred or a five hundred pound note if it were necessary. Grimm then went back to his principal for further instructions, who made an excuse that he had no stamped receipts by him.—For this Mrs. B. said she was also provided, she had brought one in her pocket. At each message she could hear them laughing heartily in the next room at the idea of having met with their match for once; and presently after Sheridan came out in high good humor, and paid her the amount of her bill, in ten, five, and one pound notes. Once when a creditor brought him a bill for payment, which had often been presented before, and the man complained of its soiled and tattered state, and said he was quite ashamed to see it, 'I'll tell you what I advise you to do with it my friend,' said Sheridan, 'take it home, and write it upon *parchment!*' He once mounted a horse, which a horse-dealer was showing off near a coffee-house at the bottom of St. James's-street, rode it to Tattersall's, and sold it, and walked quietly back to the spot from which he set out. The owner was furious, swore he would be the death of him; and in a quarter of an hour afterwards they were seen sitting together over a bottle of wine in the coffee-house, the horse-jockey with the tears running down his face at Sheridan's jokes, and almost ready to hug him as an honest fellow. Sheridan's house and lobby were beset with duns every morning, who were told that Mr. Sheridan was not yet up, and shown into the several rooms on each side of the entrance. As soon as he had breakfasted he asked, 'Are those doors all shut, John?' and, being assured they were, marched out very deliberately between them, to the astonishment of his self-invited guests, who soon found the bird was flown. I have heard one of his old city friends declare, that such was the effect of his frank, cordial manner, and insinuating eloquence, that he was always afraid to go to ask him for a debt of long standing, lest he should borrow twice as much. A play had been put off one night, or a favorite actor did not appear, and the audience demanded to have their money back again; but when they came to the door, they were told by the check-takers there was none for them, for that Mr. Sheridan had been there in the meantime, and had carried off all the money. He used often to get the old cobbler who kept a stall under the ruins of Drury Lane, to broil a beefsteak for him, and take their dinner together. On the night that Drury Lane was burnt down, Sheridan was in the House of Commons, making a speech, though he could hardly stand without leaning his hands on the table, and it was with some difficulty he was forced away, urging the plea, 'What signified the concerns of a private individual compared to the good of the state?' When he got to Covent Garden, he went into the Piazza Coffee-house, to steady himself with another bottle, and then strolled out to the end of the Piazza to look at the progress of the fire. He was accosted by Charles Kemble and Fawcett, who complimented him on the calmness with which he seemed to regard so great a loss. He declined this praise, and said—'Gentlemen, there are but three things in human life, that in my opinion ought to disturb a wise man's patience. The first of these is bodily pain, and that (whatever the ancient Stoics may have said to the contrary) is too much for any man to bear without flinching—this I have felt severely, and I know it to be the case. The second is the loss of a friend whom you have dearly loved; that, gentlemen, is a great evil; this I have also felt, and I know to be too much for any man's fortitude. And the third is the consciousness of having done an unjust action. That, gentlemen, is a great evil, a very great evil, too much for any man to endure the reflection of; but that, (laying his hand upon his heart)—but that, thank God, I have never felt!' It has been told that these were nearly the very words that he appealed to *men's conscia recti*, very emphatically three or four times over, by an excellent authority, Mr. Matthews, the player, who was on the spot at the time—a gentleman whom the public admire deservedly, but with whose real talents and nice discrimination of character, his friends only are acquainted."

FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.—A youth of the name of Brown was fishing at a dam in Derbyshire, Wales, in August. On perceiving that he had got a "bite," he hastily pulled up his line, and to his astonishment a most beautiful kingfisher was attached to his hook.

An itinerant showman in London, lately brought an action against a contractor of a railway for detention. In noticing his expenses, a charge of 30s. a week for an orator was made. "What's that?" asked the magistrate. "Vy, please your vorship, he is what you calls an horator—he axes the people to valk up, and see the valy of their money—he is a capital one, too, I tells your vorship, and is cheap at 30 bob.

EARLY PLEDGES.—According to the Elkton (Md.) Courier, a German, in Cecil county, aged 73, but who rejoices in a wife aged 70, has lately been presented by his spouse with a pair of twins.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 5, 1836.

Important from Europe.

The arrival of the Liverpool packet *Independence*, Capt. NYE, of the 24th Sept., furnishes the EDITOR OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES with copious files of papers, etc., of the latest dates, and letters from London and Liverpool correspondents; the latter to the 26th ult. Our parcels were not received from the Custom House until Thursday afternoon, previous to which our columns were nearly filled. On hastily glancing through our foreign papers, they seem more racy and interesting than usual; next week our readers shall have a taste of their quality, for barely room is left us for the letters of our correspondents, which are peculiarly interesting, as giving full and graphic details of the race for the *Doncaster St. Leger*, which was won by LORD LICHFIELD'S ELIS.

The particulars of this race—the most important in the world, whether we regard the reputation of the horses, the amount of the stakes, or the interest it excites wherever the English language is spoken—we have every reason to believe are now first laid before the American Sporting World through the medium of our columns. Last year the *Spirit of the Times* was equally fortunate in heralding the brilliant triumph of "the Turf's splendid monarch," the *Queen of Trumps*, our attentive correspondent having despatched a special messenger from Doncaster to Liverpool, which he reached in time to hand a note for us to Capt. Bursley, who at the moment had the Orpheus under weigh. In publishing the result of the great Doncaster St. Leger for 1835, we anticipated every journal in America nearly three weeks! Our contemporaries, we trust, will acquit us of any illiberality in making this remark, to which we are prompted by no other motive than to demonstrate to those whose good opinion we are proud to acknowledge, and whose cordial support is only equalled by the leniency with which they regard our efforts to build up a metropolitan gazette devoted to the interests of the Turf, that no exertion or expense is wanting on our part to render the *Spirit of the Times* worthy of its title and of them.

In addition to the long letter of our special Liverpool correspondent, the reader will be pleased to find that Mr. BOARDMAN has been enabled to redeem a promise to him and ourselves, by sending us a highly interesting letter from *London*, giving the first report of the Doncaster St. Leger we recollect having seen from the pen of an AMERICAN TURFMAN. A letter from the same gentleman, by the London packet, Toronto, will be found noticed in another page. Mr. B. reiterates his promise to send us frequently a sporting letter, giving us familiar "Pencillings by the Way," and from his experience on all subjects relative to the horse, such as breeding, training, etc., his letters promise to be unusually valuable and interesting.

Mr. FORREST was announced to appear at Drury Lane theatre on the 17th of Oct., as *Spartacus*, in Dr. Bird's tragedy of "The Gladiator" The London papers teem with articles in relation to him.

Poor Madame MALIBRAN DE BERIOT is no more! Her death took place at Manchester on the 23d Sept., as will be seen by our correspondent's letter, who adds several interesting particulars.

Young KEAN was starring at Liverpool when the packet sailed. Mrs. HONEY is not coming out here, it is said. CHARLES KEMBLE has made a dead failure in Macbeth in London, but "My daughter Fanny" sailed from this port last week to "dawdle" and "potter" with him.

FROM OUR LIVERPOOL CORRESPONDENT.

LIVERPOOL, September 24, 1836.

ELIS HAS WON THE DONCASTER ST. LEGER!

There—I put you out of pain at once. You must look a column or two lower for the particulars.

Remember, that months since, I foretold that if there was fair play and the Elis started, *Elis would win*. Some people prophecy *after* the fact: my prediction was given months since, being founded on a pretty fair knowledge of what Elis could do, and a recollection of what Elis had done.

I wrote to you, also, that Scott never intended that Brother to St. Giles should win, and I explained how he became to be *forced* up so high in the betting market. I mention these facts to shew that my opinions were correct, and shew your readers also that your Sporting Intelligence from Europe *can* be depended on.—Not, to say the truth, that I ever heard of any one having disputed its correctness.

This letter will chiefly be a compilation, because the illness of one of my family prevented my personal attendance at Doncaster. You shall have from various sources the opinions *before*, and the report *of* the race.

The Yorkshire Gazette of this day week says:—

> Never has there been known, during any former year, a higher degree of interest with respect to the decision of the St. Leger race, than that which prevails on all hands at the present time; and it may be fairly questioned whether, on any former occasion, the qualities of many of the respective competitors in this great struggle were so superior as is this year the case. The public performances of Elis, of Vulture, of Bee's wing, of Wedge, of Trapball, of Gladiator, fully entitle them to be classed as superior horses, evincing, as they have done, capabilities in point of speed which is fairly up to the St. Leger mark, and which may serve to establish the conclusion, that, as for the first time, the greatest rivals of the year will be brought together, the victor must prove a horse of extraordinary powers, even taking into the estimate the probability that he will at the finish have little to spare. Hence arises the great interest in question—with the firm conviction expressed on one hand that Elis or Vulture must win, and, on the other, that no one can last with Bloomsbury, assisted by his compeers from the same stable.

Elis arrived at York on Wednesday, the 12th inst., after a journey in one day of upwards of eighty miles in the Eclipse fashion, in his green carriage and six, attended by a *Drummer*, amid the eclat of the whole of Peloponesus, which has been responded to from the Acropolis of Tattersall's, throwing into the shade the famed festivals of Panathenæa and Chalcea by the superior splendor and attraction of *the* St. Leger. Elis's carriage is divided into two stalls, the sides of which are stuffed and rendered perfectly free from the possibility of danger.—The care and attention which he receives sufficiently evince the anxiety of his owner as well as that of his trainer. He appeared on the training ground on the following morning, none the worse for his journey. He is in beautiful condition; took his sweat of four miles with John Day upon his back, (who rode Venison, a winner at Lichfield on the preceding day,) and appeared afterwards as lively as when he first started; whilst his companion, the Drummer, was evidently distressed. Vulture has taken her work regularly, and in good style Of her fleetness there is no question: as to her lasting it remains to be proved.—Wedge arrived on Wednesday. He is a very powerful colt, is in perfect condition, and is also receiving the utmost skill and attention of his trainer, Mr. John Smith. Trapball also arrived on Tuesday, accompanied by the Queen and Birdlime. He is a fine stout horse: but it is questionable whether, as he has shirked Vulture, he can keep company with the leaders in the St. Leger race.—Bee's-wing, Ebberston, The Bard, Black Diamond, Locomotive, and others arrived on Thursday.

DONCASTER, SUNDAY EVENING.

The weather continues fine, and most unseasonably cold. All the horses are healthy, but the course is complained of as being hard for want of rain.

Robinson gallopped Elis this morning, and is engaged to ride him in case the Duke of Cleveland should require John Day for the Matilda colt.

THE DONCASTER WATER PARTIES.

In the double hope of economising time and expense, several persons started for Doncaster by the Hull steamers, the proprietors having held out the inducements of low fares, "quick passage," and a promise to "express" them on to Doncaster if by any 'extraordinary accident' they should reach Hull too late for the coaches. A comfortable party of forty left on board the *Vivid* on Saturday morning, but in consequence of a strong easterly breeze, did not reach the Humber in time to save the tide; they were then put on board a smaller steamer, and arrived at Goole just in time to be too late for the coaches; not to lose time they were immediately re-shipped into a splendid canal boat, out of which they were driven in a few minutes by an inroad of the water; they were then "expressed" to New Bridge in a coal barge, where, forsaking the treacherous water, they were huddled into a van, like calves in a market cart, and safely delivered at Doncaster at six o'clock on Monday morning. Another party was still more unfortunate; the *London* quitted her moorings at London Bridge early on Thursday morning, and at 11 o'clock on Friday night, the passengers, (more than two hundred in number), instead of being comfortably between the sheets at Doncaster, were very uncomfortably deposited on a sand-bank, at the mouth of the Humber, where they continued, at the peril of their lives, till eleven o'clock on Saturday morning, with the additional comfort of a pack of hounds running about the deck in all directions. Well might the unlucky passengers complain that they were over-reached.

The Stewards (Lord Eglintoun and Sir F. Goodricke), have contributed a 300-guinea cup, of a novel and splendid description; it will be run for on Thursday, under the usual conditions. Queen of Trumps and Touchstone are the favorites; but at present the St. Leger so completely absorbs the general attention, that speculation on any other race is out of the question. Next to the St. Leger and the cup, the principal events to come off are the Champagne Stakes, (to-morrow), and the other two-year old stakes on Thursday;—the former out of a nomination of 25 furnishes only two which have appeared as winners, viz., Calendar and Jereed; the first-named having won at the Liverpool Craven Meeting, beating a strongish field, and, on the same ground in a July meeting, received a signal defeat from Bangalore; Jereed won at York, beating a jady two-year old, and has not been out since. The Stake on Thursday is more prolific of winners, as we find in it Slashing Harry, a gallant winner against good fields at Catterick and York, Bangalore a winner of two races at Liverpool July Meeting, and the Duke of Cleveland's Matilda colt, which won this race at Catterick, Newcastle, and York, in a canter; good fields are expected for both races.

THE ST. LEGER.—The field for this race, at the same time that it will exceed last year's, will, numerically, fall considerably short of the average; but its deficiency in number will be made up in quality, most of the favorites having signalised themselves in public—their several pretensions, indeed, have until lately appeared so equal, that those who have been inclined to "put on" a little, have found it a ticklish matter to make their selection. Without entering into particulars of their performances, (which, by the way, have been repeatedly the subject of reference or detail), we shall proceed to notice what has been said and done about it. We have already given the names of the Leger horses arrived; since then Scott's lot has come in from Pigburn—it comprehends the Brother to St. Giles, (christened Scroggins), Snyders, and Carew, the Rachel colt (Hampton), and the once prominent favorite Gladiator, being left behind! Whether he will come in by himself as Hornsea did last year, we are unable to state, but his backers have given up all hopes of a start, from an apparently well-founded conviction, that Scroggins is the best of the lot. It is expected that the field will be composed of the following horses:—Scroggins, Elis, the Black Diamond, Bee's-wing, Carew, Snyders, Locomotive, Ebberston, The Bard, Trapball, Wedge, Vulture, and Redshank. Mr. Fox has The Carpenter here, and the Duke of Leeds, Miss Lora, one of which two is not unlikely to show; Wallace and the Matilda colt are also here, but it is doubtful whether either will show. Locomotive is also doubted.

MONDAY, Sept. 19.

Doncaster, Monday Night.—The indications of a brilliant week have increased rather than lessened since our last;—strangers continue flocking in from all quarters, no small portion of them being from the sister country, which has not furnished so formidable a champion as Wedge since the Marquis of Sligo was in force. Scotland, too, has not been a mere looker on, for, without contributing anything to the field, they have "backed their fancies" with their wonted spirit, and muster in great numbers to await the decree of the blind Goddess. The Cheshire folks go hand in hand with the Taffies in their reliance upon Trapball—they will be fortunate indeed if he prove as good a card as the one they played last year, for a Queen of Trumps does not fall to every hand. The South country supplies two good horses (Elis and Redshank)—the *elite* of her jockies, and a long string of fashionables—while Lancashire, rivalling all other districts in wealth and spirit, has sent a host of experienced turfites to the "gathering." The north country is, as usual, well "horsed;"—in short, the different countries are so well represented in this respect, that those who stand on a particular favorite will be lucky if they come off winners.

The betting rooms were more crowded this morning than we have known them for many years past on a first day—there are already about six hundred subscribers to it, and it is expected that by Tuesday night at least 200 more will be added to the list—the sale of tickets for the Grand Stand proceeds with equal success.

The race course was very well attended, the sport more abundant than usual on the first day, and the weather fine until just before the last race, when it commenced raining, and did not give over for some time—this, although productive of some inconvenience to the company, proved of service to the ground, which was complained of by the trainers as being hard. The racing commenced at half-past two, with

The Fitzwilliam Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Corporation of Doncaster. Mile and a half. Second horse saved his stake. (7 subs.)

Mr. Mostyn's b. m. *Birdlime*, by Comus, out of Birdcatcher's dam, by Hedley; grandam, Jessy, 5 yrs. (Darling)	-
Sir J. Boswell's ch. h. General Chasse, by Actæon, out of Hambletonia, by Stamford, 5 yrs. (Robinson)	-
Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Weighton, by Brutandorf, 3 yrs	0
W. Lonsdale's b. f. Gipsy, by Tramp, 4 yrs	0
Duke of Cleveland's br. h. Muley Moloch, by Muley, 6 yrs	0
S. L. Fox's b. f. Miss Lora, by Lottery, 3 yrs	0

6 to 4 on General Chasse, and 3 to 1 agst. Birdlime. Gipsy took the lead at a capital pace, followed over the hill by Birdlime, who here resigned her position to Weighton, Miss Lora lying third, Birdlime fourth, Muley Moloch fifth, and the General sixth. About half way between the Red House turn and the rails Muley Moloch's leg gave way, his chance previously looking so good, that many who were near the spot think he would have won. At the distance General and Birdlime were well laid up, but neither of them attempted to pass Gipsy until nearly the end of the Grand Stand—here they shot by her on different sides, (Robinson having the whip-hand) brought it out gallantly to the chair, and enabled the Judge to make a good commencement by giving it a dead heat. Gipsy was well up with them, and Weighton and Miss Lora two or three lengths behind her. Sir J. Boswell and Mr. Mostyn having agreed to divide the Stakes, the mare walked over—the bets on the two must be divided in the same way as the stakes.

The Champagne Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. The winner to give six dozen of Champagne to the Doncaster Racing Club. Red House in. (25 subs.)

Lord Chesterfield's b. c. *Jereed*, by Sultan, out of My Lady, by Comus; grandam, The Colonel's dam, by Delpini, (Scott)	1
Mr. Rhode's br. c. Conservative, by Voltaire, out of Sal	2
Major Yarburgh's br. c. The Doctor, by Dr. Syntax	3
Mr. Foulis's gr. f. Eaglet, by Falcon, out of Justicia, by Cervantes	4
Mr. H. Wormald's ch. c. Fieschi, by Velocipede	0
Sir J. Boswell's b. c. Calendar, by Canteen	0

9 to 5 on Jereed, 5 to 1 agst. Calendar, 5 to 1 agst. Fieschi, and 8 to 1 agst. Eaglet. After three or four false starts, arising chiefly from The Doctor's restiveness, the lot got of in a line and kept so to the distance, where Jereed went in front, followed by The Doctor, the latter continuing second to the Stand—here he laid down his ears, and suffered Conservative to head him, Eaglet getting to his quarters at the same time—not one of the three, however, could reach Jereed, who won very cleverly by a length. Fieschi (fifth) and Calendar (sixth) were beaten off.

Free Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 30 added by the Corporation of Doncaster. The owner of the second saved his stake. One mile. (8 subs.)

Mr. Bell's br. f. *Zebetta*, by Langar, out of Sportsmistress, by Clinker, 3 yrs. 6st. 1lb. (Gedlin)	1
Lord Westminster's b. c. Oswald, 4 yrs	2
Mr. Allen's b. f. Promise, by Mulatto, 3 yrs	3
Mr. Robinson's ch. c. The General, 4 yrs	0
Mr. Bestow's ch. c. Abercrombie, 3 yrs	0
Mr. Gully's b. f. Princess Victoria, 3 yrs	0
Mr. Armitage's b. f. Vesper, 3 yrs	0

10 to 6 agst. Abercrombie, 5 to 2 agst. Zebetta, 4 to 1 agst. Oswald, and 5 to 1 agst. The General. Oswald made first running, Abercrombie waiting on him to the Red House turn, where he went in front and led them along at a good pace to the distance—here Zebetta ran by him, and won in a canter. Oswald passed the others at the Stand and obtained second place; the last three were tailed off. The horses, though not placed, came in as above.

Match for 50 sovs., both 2 yrs. old. Champagne Course.

Mr. Skipsey's br. f. The Cuckoo, sister to the Saddler, by Waverley, out of Castrellina, 8st. (Heseltine)	1
Mr. Dawson's b. f. by Partisan, out of Liska, by Lottery, grandam, Flora, by Camillus, 8st. 3lb. (Cartwright)	2

No betting. Won cleverly.

His Majesty's Plate of 100 gs.; three yr. olds, 7st. 9lb., four, 9st., five, 9st. 9lb., six and aged, 10st. Four miles.

Mr. J. Day's b. c. Venison, by Partisan, out of Fawn, by Smolensko; grandam, Jerboa, 3 yrs. (S. Day)	1
Mr. Bowes' ch. c. Mundig, by Catton, 4 yrs. (Scott)	2
Mr. Powlett's c. Wentworth, by Confederate, 3 yrs. (Cartwright)	3
Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. h. Whitefoot, 5 yrs. (S. Rogers)	4

The betting, which was very brisk, opened at 6 to 4 on Mundig, and 6 to 4 agst. Venison; Venison was then backed freely at 5 to 4, Mundig declining to evens and 6 to 5 on him, at which he closed, 6 to 4 being laid agst. Venison at the finish. Mundig took the lead, followed by Wentworth, Venison lying third, and Whitefoot last, where he remained to the end. Exactly in this order they ran to the distance in the last round, where Venison went in front and won in a canter, being the eleventh race he has carried off since the Derby, without sustaining a defeat, although he has travelled all over the country.

TUESDAY, Sept. 20.

Doncaster, Tuesday Night.—None but those who have witnessed it can form an idea of the excitement displayed at Doncaster on the Leger day—it differs essentially from the grand day at Epsom, where the visitors, proceeding at once to the course, are distributed over a much larger surface, and do not exhibit that enthusiasm for which, at least in racing matters, the north country people are so proverbial. Here there is no occasion for exclaiming "York you're wanted," for wet or dry a thorough bred Yorkshireman is sure to see "t'Leger" run for. Missing only the carriages and six which formed so stately a feature in the Leger day some twenty years ago, we did not recognise any innovation or change in this day's proceedings—there was the same rattling in of carriages at all hours of the morning—the same influx of foot people, the same noise, crowding, and confusion as ever—everything, in fact, that we have seen for years, and shall continue to do till the St. Leger shall lose its high pretensions. As we have before intimated, this, with Yorkshiremen, is a day to be kept, and we have the authority of many years' experience for asserting that on no former occasion has it been celebrated with more animation, or more productively to the inhabitants—Christmas or Good Friday could not have been more strictly observed.

In the morning the betting-room was the focus for speculators—upwards of eight hundred were squeezed into it, and business to some amount transacted; about one o'clock it was cleared, and there was a general move towards the course; at this time the streets were so thronged that the foot people who were unacquainted with the shorter and safer road across the fields, were in constant danger from the countless visitations of inexperienced Jehu's and careless riders who contributed to swell the stream of thoughtless sinners anathematized in the affiches which met the eye in every direction. The crowd on the race-ground was immense—every spot from which a glimpse of the horses could be obtained was covered—all the minor stands were full, and the grand one crowded to excess, its spacious balconies teeming with beauty and fashion, and its roof trembling beneath the weight of those who were awaiting, with throbbing hearts, the eventful race, big with the fate of thousands.

The weather was cold and gloomy, with occasional showers; it cleared up, however, before the racing commenced, and continued dry throughout the remainder of the day. The running began with the

Produce Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for 2 yr. olds, colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. Red House in. [10 subs.]

Mr. Powlett's b. f. by Priam, out of Miss Fanny's dam, by Orville; grandam by Buzzard—Hornpipe [Holmes]	1
Duke of Leed's br. c. Wrestler, by Waverley, dam by Reveller; out of Lisette, by Hambletonian, [Templeman]	2
Mr. W. Turner's ch. f. by Recovery, out of Primrose, by Comus; grandam, Cowslip, by Cockfighter, [Darling]	3

5 and 6 to 4 on the Priam filly. The three got off well together, and continued so to the distance, where Wrestler went in front, the favorite being behind with waiting orders—a few strides from home she went up, shook off the Wrestler without an effort, and won easily by two or three lengths.

THE GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES,

Of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 6lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. The second received 100 sovs. out of the stakes.—St. Leger Course. [75 subs.]

Lord Lichfield's ch. c. *Elis*, by Langar, out of Olympia, by Sir Oliver; grandam, Scotilla, by Anvil, [J. Day]	1
Mr. W. Scott's b. c. *Scroggins*, Brother to St. Giles, by Tramp, out of Arcot Lass, by Ardrossan, [W. Scott]	2

Beeswing, Snyders, The Bard, The Carpenter, Wedge, Redshank, Locomotive, Ebberston, Vulture, Trapball, The Black Diamond, and Carew, also started.

The betting was, on Monday—

2 to 1 agst	Scroggins [offered]	10 to 1 agst	Beeswing [offered]
5 to 2 —	Elis [taken]	14 to 1 —	Vulture [offered]
8 to 1 —	Trapball [taken]	16 to 1 —	Black Diamond [do.]
10 to 1 —	Redshank [offered]	18 to 1 —	Wedge [offered].

The betting almost exclusively confined to the first three.

At the breaking up the ring:—

6 to 4 agst.	Scroggins	14 to 1 agst.	Beeswing [taken]
7 to 2 —	Elis	20 to 1 —	Vulture
8 to 1 —	Trapball	20 to 1 —	Black Diamond
10 to 1 —	Wedge	30 to 1 —	Snyders [taken]
10 to 1 —	Redshank [taken]		

and any odds against the others. In the course of the day Snyders was backed to win nearly twenty thousand pounds at 25 and 30 to 1.

The race was appointed to be run at half-past three o'clock, by which time the horses appeared at the post, having previously heard the riot act read (a cant phrase for the starter's instructions), and taken the customary gallops before the Grand Stand; Vulture, however, was not exactly in the right mood at the moment, nor did The Carpenter appear to have any relish for the approaching conflict, so that between the two a couple of false starts occurred—a proof that however well they manage these things at Doncaster, they are not quite infallible. At the third effort they got off well, Wedge lying in front until near the Gravel-road, where he resigned the lead to Carew and took the second place, having Beeswing, Black Diamond, Redshank, and Locomotive next him, all well laid up, the two cracks were in the ruck, and Trapball and Snyders in the rear of all. In this order and at an excellent pace, they travelled over the hill, on sinking which Black Diamond headed Wedge, laid second for about a quarter of a mile, and then began to discover that neither the pace nor the distance suited him. The other horses composing the front rank kept their places, but the two favorites were now seen creeping up from the rear, so as to be very forward at the Red House—there they run by Carew, followed by Beeswing, Carew retiring to the rear, and Snyders, The Bard, and The Carpenter, taking up a position behind the other three.—[It was observable that, notwithstanding the pace, there were, as yet, no symptoms of tailing.] At the turn near the rails, Elis had a commanding lead, Scroggins and Beeswing running behind him, and at the distance the three were quite distinct from the other horses, Elis having so much the best of the race, that the only doubt existing was, which of the two would be second; at this point the beaten horses dropped off very rapidly—first Carew shut up, then Black Diamond, next Trapball and Vulture, and after them Wedge, Redshank, Locomotive, and Ebberston. No further change took place, Elis maintaining his lead to the end, and winning easily by two lengths; the race for second was so severe that Scroggins won it by a head only, and it does seem rather hard upon the Newcastle people that their favorite mare, after running so good a race, should not even be placed. Snyders and The Bard ran in about a length and a half behind Beeswing, and each claims to have been fourth—it was a near thing;—The Carpenter was sixth; Wedge, Redshank, Locomotive, and Ebberston next, then Vulture and Trapball, and lastly Black Diamond and Carew, most of them having pulled up on finding their chances out. The race was run in about 3 min. and 20 sec. Value of the stakes, after the usual deductions, £2,075, independent of which the noble Earl and a few of his friends have won immense sums in bets, Scott's party, and nearly all the betting men, having lost considerably. It is now the turn of the South country to triumph over the North, their favorite having been trained by a Newmarket groom and ridden by a Newmarket jockey. We subjoin his pedigree:—He was got by Langar, out of Olympia, [bred in 1815 by Lord Stamford], by Sir Oliver; her dam Scotilla, by Anvil, out of Scota, by Eclipse—Harmony, by Herod, out of Rubilla. After this race and the Derby, who shall deny that public running is the surest criterion, and who shall say that a caravan is not as good a conveyance for a race horse as it is for an elephant. The afternoon's sport terminated with—

The Cleveland Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c. with 50 added by the Corporation. The second saved his stake.—One mile [7 subs., two of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.]

Mr. Bell's br. f. Zebetta, by Langar, 3 yrs. 6st. 10lb. [G. Barker]	1
Mr. Bowes' br. f. The Zegri Maid, 3 yrs. 6st. 8lb. [Taylor]	2
Duke of Leeds' b. g. Longinus, 4 yrs. 8st. 5lb. [Templeman]	3

2 to 1 on Zebetta, who made all the running and won by half a length.

[The report of the races on Wednesday and Thursday we are compelled to omit this week for want of space. We make the following extracts from our correspondent's letter:]—

THE ST. LEGER SETTLING.

"*Know ye not that for this ye shall be brought to judgment*;"—this pet quotation of the Doncaster Agnewites greeted every eye on returning from the races yesterday;—it was construed divers ways, some, taking it figuratively, read it to mean that as they had "thrown out" on this Leger they should know better by the next, while others more literal, took it to be an announcement similar to the annual one at Tattersall's—"the settling for Derby and Oaks will take place on Tuesday next," and many wished the officious bill-sticker in one of the Hull steamers for reminding them of a very disagreeable truth. The settling, in fact, is an awful thing to a betting man, and none but those who have gone through the ceremony can appreciate the mortal anxiety of winners as well as losers. It is easy to say "I have won so much," and natural enough to indulge in a little self-congratulation, but when the excitement incident on the termination of the race subsides, and the feelings become sobered down into common place reality, the question suggests itself, "Shall I get it?" and, out of that, another—"Who are the losers," and thus it will frequently happen, that a man shall enter the settling room a *gallant winner* in figures, and quit it with pockets lightened by his good fortune! With respect to the settling this morning, we are enabled to speak favorably—it went off very smoothly, and although two or three are unable to make good their deficiencies at present, there does not seem to be any apprehension as to their meeting them in full within a short period. As we stated in our last, Lord Lichfield and two or three friends have won nearly all the money; Scott's party has lost a little, the bulk of the losses coming out of the pockets of the betting men generally. The news of his success reached Lord Lichfield in the theatre at Lichfield, at nine o'clock the same evening, and was received by the audience with loud cheers.

DERBY BETTING.

14 to 1 agst. Jereed, by Sultan, out of My Lady—taken.
15 to 1 agst. colt, by Sultan, out of Dervise's dam—taken.
15 to 1 agst. Defender, by Defence, dam by Selim—taken.
15 to 1 agst c. by Peter Lely, out of Phantasima—taken.
Offers to take 10 to 1 about Brother to Bay Middleton.

Neither Queen of Trumps or Elis go for the cup.

There were several sales of racing stock this morning, but out of the immense number of lots put up, not above eight or ten were sold, and those at very low prices.

The company at the Doncaster Races included the following:—

Prince and Princess Galatzin, Count and Countess Maiblett, Duke and Duchess of Cleveland, Duke of Leeds, and Duke of Portland, *Marquises* of Westminster and Granby, *Counts* Bathiany and Darmeskiold, *Lords* Chesterfield, Wilton, R. Grosvenor, Uxbridge, Eglintoun, Kennedy, Mostyn, Bruce, G. Bentinck, W. Powlett, Kelburne, Portarlington, Tho. Cecil, Newburgh, Aboyne, Clonmell, Henry Vane. *Ladies* Mexborough, Chesterfield, A. Milbank, S. Savile, C. Scott. *Honbles.* O. Byng, G. Anson, F. Lumley, J. Westenra, C. Forester, E. Mostyn, T. O. Powlett, C. Wortley, W. D. Irby, P. Savile, Major Scarlett. *Sirs* D. Baird, F. Collier, G. Piggott, J. Boswell, L. Glynn, B. Camac, R. Bulkeley, M. Wood, T. Whichcote, T. Sykes, S. Graham, &c. Marquis of Titchfield, Viscount Caruaexa, Count Coupeny, Earl Spencer, Baron Parke, Lord Warncliffe, Lord Cha leville, Lord and Lady Rodney, Earl of Scarborough, Lord Galway, Lady Charleville, Lady Broadhead, Lord H. Bentinck, Hon. F. de Grey, Hon. M. Monchton, Hon. W. Powlett, Hon. Mrs. Milnes, Sir T. Broadhead, Sir J. Johnstone, Sir C. Morgan, Lady Johnstone, Sir C. O'Donnell, Sir H. Willoughby.

Mrs. Honey does *not* visit America this season; she joins Vestris at the Olympic. Miss Rinsford will be the prima donna, at Braham's theatre, which opens Oct. 1. Miss Byron takes Honey's place at the Adelphi. Harley will be Braham's stage manager. Morris Barnet, author and actor of *Monsieur Jacques*, brings out a new opera, which he has recently composed. Madame Vestris has removed the gallery of the Olympic theatre—raised the ceiling—and had the front of the boxes painted with the florid ornaments of the reign of Louis XIV. Planche has written a new piece, in which Liston and Charles Mathews open the season. Charles Kemble is becoming a great nuisance, and must be abated. He is murdering Shakspeare's tragic characters;—Hamlet and Macbeth have fallen before his "vaulting ambition," which "doth o'erleap itself." In mercy to the public, Covent Garden is only open every second night. Six times a week of Kemble would drive the "gentle public" to commit *felo de se*. A new tragic drama, called "the Cavaliers," has been played at the Haymarket with great success—till the last scene, which has since been altered. Charles Whitehead is the author.

Mr. Orde has refused 1000 guineas for his celebrated mare Bee's-wing.

MADAME MALIBRAN died at Manchester last night. She had been only ten days ill, and her death was as unexpected as it was lamented.

DEATH OF MADAME MALIBRAN DE BERIOT.

From the Manchester Guardian.

It is with feelings of the most poignant sorrow and regret, that we announce the death of this distinguished and highly gifted vocalist, who died last night at the Mosley Arms Inn, in this town, after an illness of nine days, the commencement and progress of which have been detailed to our readers in former numbers of the Guardian.

We stated on Wednesday, that up to the preceding evening Madame Malibran still continued in a very feeble state, with much fever. From that night she continued gradually getting worse, apparently sinking into a state of stupor, with a pulse becoming more and more languid, and with other symptoms of the most alarming nature. About two o'clock, on Thursday afternoon she became insensible, and her general condition so alarmed her medical attendant, Dr. Bellomini, that, after suffering considerable anxiety, he determined to call in some skilful surgeon, with whom to hold a consultation on the case. Accordingly, about 7 o'clock that evening, he sent for Mr. William Lewis, of George street, who, from the state of her pulse and her insensibility, was strongly impressed with the conviction that she could not recover, and, in short, that she was then fast sinking under her malady. Dr. Bellomini, we understand, asked Mr. Lewis whether, in his judgment, Madame Malibran's state of pregnancy materially affected her in relation to the disorder; and Mr. Lewis, we believe, gave it as his decided opinion, that it did not, as she was in an early, and not, as has been stated, in an advanced state of pregnancy. Since the hour already mentioned, this highly gifted woman continued gradually declining, without rallying for an instant, except once yesterday morning, when she took a little liquid (barley water) from her husband. At nine o'clock last night not the slighest hope was entertained of her recovery, and indeed, her death was hourly expected, and the melancholy event took place precisely at twenty minutes before twelve o'clock; up to which time she had continued to sink without regaining her faculties for a moment.

From the commencement of her illness, Monsieur de Beriot had scarcely left the sufferer for an instant, excepting when engaged in the performance of the festival, and every one who has had an opportunity of witnessing his affectionate solicitude, his trembling anxiety, his tears of anguish at beholding the prostrated strength and pitiable condition of a wife on whom he is said to have doated to distraction, speaks of him as one of the most devotedly attached husbands.—Want of rest and anxiety have very much affected him, and serious apprehensions are entertained for his health. The affection which on all occasions he manifested for the deceased, appears to have been reciprocated by her with equal tenderness. At that time suffering severely, she betrayed the greatest anxiety to know how Monsieur de Beriot had been received at the Thursday evening's concert, as she was apprehensive that his feelings and fears for her would unnerve him, and probably prevent him from doing justice to his own great and peculiar powers as a performer. When told that his concerto had been greeted with the most enthusiastic applause, a placid smile brightened her pallid face, and she appeared to rejoice in her husband's satisfactory reception.

It was at first intended that Monsieur de Beriot should remain at the inn all night, but, finding himself entirely unable to rest, having indeed scarcely slept or tasted food for the last two or three days, Dr. Bellomini thought it best that he should immediately return to London. A carriage and four was accordingly prepared, and about half-past one o'clock this morning Monsieur de Beriot accompanied by Dr. Bellomini, quitted Manchester, a place which to him must ever be attended with recollections the most poignant and distressing. Instructions were given for the interment, which will probably take place on Wednesday or Thursday next, but at which of the places of sepulture we do not know. Madame Malibran de Beriot was 28 years old, so that she was in the flower of her age, as well as in the zenith of her reputation, when the hand of death fell upon her.

RACES, MATCHES, Etc.

We have received reports of the recent Fall meetings of the Jockey Clubs at Mount Pleasant, Tenn.,—Dover and Webster, Ken., Pendleton and Greenville, S. C., Chillicothe, Ohio, and several others, together with several matches, sales of blood stock, etc., that are unavoidably postponed until next week.

☞ Several important communications are before us, that will be attended to in our next.

☞ In order to give the report of THE FOUR MILE DAY, (Friday,) on the Union Course, we have delayed our paper one day later than usual.

A Groom is wanted to take charge at sea of a pair of horses, to be sent from this port to Liverpool. See advertisement on last page, and apply immediately.

NEW YORK RACES, SECOND FALL MEETING.

The second annual Fall meeting of the New York Jockey Club commenced on the Union Course on Wednesday last. The weather was miserably wet and cold; the rain came down in torrents, and the cold was piercing to the last degree. The racing, however, was tip top, ungenteel and dirty as the day was. There was a general attendance of the Club, and the numerous strangers, added to the votaries of the turf from town, made up, as the play-bills express it, "a very select and enlightened" assemblage. Here is the report.

FIRST DAY, Nov. 2, 1836.—Proprietors' Purse, $300. Two mile heats.

Robt. L. Stevens' s. h. *Tom Moore*, by Eclipse, out of Lalla Rookh, 5 yrs. 114lbs ....(*Edw. Sanford.*)	3	1	1
Wm. Gibbons' b. m. *Merrygold*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Meg Dodds, 5 yrs. 111lbs.................(*Miles Scott*)	2	2	2
Thos. Pearsall's (S. Bradhurst's) b. m. *Itasca*, by Eclipse, out of Betsey Ransom, 4 yrs. 101lbs. ....(*George Nelson*)	1	3	dis.
I. S. Snedecor's s. c. *Duke*, by Eclipse, out of an Expedition mare, 4 yrs. 104lbs..........................	5	4	dis.
R. F. Stockton's b. f. *Amelia*, by Lance, out of Young Nettletop, Monmouth s dam, 4 yrs. 101lbs..........	4	dr.	
G. T. Wilson's br. h. *Tarquin*, by Henry, out of Ostrich, 5 yrs. 114 lbs..........................	dis.		

Time, 3:54—4:1—3:58. Track heavy.

Tarquin was the favorite; even betting Tom Moore and Amelia against the field. The track being cleared by the constables *and the rain*, at the tap of the drum they got away, Merrygold having the track and lead, which she maintained for a mile and three quarters, Itasca running 2d; the rest coming, like Christmas, half a distance in their rear. Itasca won, after a smart brush, by a length, though little was expected of her, she having been turned out and sent to horse this season, and was only taken up last September. To the infinite surprise of all, the favorite was distanced. However, he can afford it. Amelia was drawn.

In the 2d heat Merrygold again took the lead, but declined on the first mile when Tom Moore (now the favorite) went in front, and made play with Itasca, everything else galloping along merely to save their distance. On the last half mile Merrygold, who had unaccountably been dropped by the field, made up an immense gap, and came out of the crowd in a style that looked very much like winning—challenged Itasca as they passed the gate, and placed herself 2d for the heat, which Tom Moore won by about a length. Merrygold was ridden indiscreetly this heat, by Miles Scott, Mr. Garrison's black boy, who held her until many thought she must be distanced. However, he made amends in

The 3d heat, which was yielded up to Tom Moore, after a very severe contest, and an exceedingly beautiful race. At the signal, Miles set to work with Merrygold, and Sandford was busy with Tom. Each finessed to get the advantage, but both horses and jockeys were well matched, and they ran locked for nearly a mile without the slightest change of position. Tom had the inside, and "*played Bascomb*" at the turns, and after a desperate struggle, finally succeeded in winning the heat, Itasca and Duke being nearly double distanced. Merrygold ran for each heat, and though she eventually lost the race, she lost no credit, for Tom Moore is one of the most promising young ones on the Island.

SECOND RACE—*Same Day.*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds—colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Two mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100; 3 subs.

Joseph H. Van Mater's bl. c. *African*, by Valentine, dam by Marshal Bertrand..........................(*Abram*)	1	1
Billop B. Seaman's b. c. *Dustyfoot*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Agnes.	3	2
Richard F. Stockton's gr. c. *Bergen*, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace	2	3

Time, 3:58—3:59.

Bergen was the favorite at odds, but African had it all his own way, and held to the field in each heat. He is a remarkably fine striding colt, with plenty of bone and muscle, and promises to be a first rater. The contest between Dustyfoot and Bergen afforded great sport. It was a match and no mistake, and a pretty handsome sum was laid out about them. They are promising young things, both. Bergen was taken 10 to 6 against Dustyfoot, who was placed 2d the last heat, and consequently won the money, though they were beaten by African without a struggle.

SECOND DAY.—Proprietors' Purse, $500. Three mile heats.

James S. Garrison's [John C. Stevens'] ch. f. *Fanny Wyatt*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 3 yrs. 87lbs...............[*Reuben.*]	2	1	1
Wm. R. Johnson's gr. h. *Daniel*,* by Medley, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs. 104lbs..........................	1	2	dis.
Thomas Pearsall's s. h. *Reindeer*, by Henry, out of Sportsmistress, 5 yrs. 114lbs..........................	3	dis.	

Time, 6:7—6:5—2d, Fanny walked out. *Daniel bolted.

The attendance was very shy, the weather being cold and disagreeable. This race afforded little sport, as Fanny Wyatt held to the field every mile in the two last heats, and won easily at that. We are glad she remains with us, Mr. [illegible]RISON having sold her to Mr. STEVENS, with the purse, after her jock[illegible]as mounted for the last heat, at a high figure.

SECOND RACE—*Same Day.*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that never won [illegible] race. Colts 90lbs. fillies 87lbs. Sub. $300, ft. $100. Two mile heats; 11 subs.; [the 2d in the race to receive back stake, if 5 start.]

Joseph H. Van Mater's bl. f. *Bonny Black*, by Valentine, dam by Ratler..........................[*Abram.*]	1	[illegible]
James S. Garrison's b. c. *Stockton*, by Eclipse, out of Iris, by Sir Archie..........................	2	2
Robt. L. Stevens' s. c. *Henry Moore*, by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh	[illegible]	dis.
Wm. Jones' ch. f. *Fleet-foot*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Eleanor......		dis.
J. S. Snedecor's [G. T. Wilson's] f. by Henry, out of Di Vernon, (Cadmus' dam)..........................	5	dis.
John C. Stevens' s. c. *Sirocco*, by Henry, out of Lady Jackson......	dis.	

Time, 3:58½—3:59. Track very heavy.

Mr. Van Mater has luck on his side, having won two sweepstake[illegible] at this meeting. It tells very little, however, against the colts on Long Island, for both of his would be considered crack nags in any field. His filly, Bonny Black, had the race all her own way, Stockton being restive. They distanced the field the 2d heat.

THIRD DAY.—Jockey Club Purse, $1000. Four mile heats.

Wm. R. Johnson's [Gov. Spriggs'] b. m. *Atalanta*, by Industry, out of Nancy Norwood, by Ratler, 4 yrs. 101 lbs. ....[*John Hartman.*]	3	3	1	[illegible]
Hamilton Wilkes' ro. f. *Gypsey*, by Eclipse, [own sister to Medoc,] 4 yrs. 101 lbs. ....[*James Jewell.*]	4	1	2	3
James S. Garrison's ch. h. *Bumper*, by John Richards, dam by Alfred, 4 yrs. 104 lbs ....[*Joe Dunby.*]	1	2	3	2
Robert Tillotson's ch. h. *Post Boy*, by Henry, out of Garland, by Duroc, 5 yrs. 114 lbs ......[*Garry Bell and 2 others.*]	2	4	4	r[illegible]
John C. Stevens' [Alex L. Botts'] ch. c. *Veto*, by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough, 4 yrs. 104 lbs ....[*Jack.*]	dist.			

Time, 8:10—8:12—8:30—8:44. Track heavy.

Atalanta was the favorite against the field. The inside track fell to her, with Gypsey on the outside. After one foul and one capital start, on both of which the horses were called back, the drum was tapped, and away they went, Gypsey taking the lead on the first quarter, with the field laying well up. Bumper challenged for the lead on the straight run in, and took it as they passed the stand on the 1st mile, when Atalanta went up and tried it on—passed Gypse[illegible], and ran the 2d mile close upon Bumper's haunches. The three beat off Veto a long way, and Gypsey held up to keep him company. On this mile Post Boy made play, and took up a position nearly abreast of Atalanta, who was waiting upon Bumper, then running in hand. As they passed the stand, Garry Bell set to work in earnest with Post Boy, and soon passed Atalanta, running Bumper up to the throatlatch as they came round Hammond's "[illegible]—north corner," when poor Post Boy declined, as well he might, having b[illegible]n physicked, bled, blistered, and bedevilled within the last week or two until he could scarcely stand on his legs from sheer weakness. Bumper won the heat with something to spare in hand, the field pulling up as they came within the distance flag.

The odds now ran in Bumper's favor, and bets even against the field were booked a safety. After the usual recess for cooling off, the bugle sounded, the drum was tapped, and they were off for the

Second heat.—Bumper led off at a slashing rate, Post Boy running second, but unable to maintain his stride more than 100 yards, he was taken in hand. He was tailed off nearly a 3 mile distance on the 1st mile, when Atalanta went up and collared Bumper on the 2d, and a severe brush ensued, which continued for half a mile, when the mare lost her stride, and fell back upon Gypsey, who, with Jim Jewell on her back, is an ugly customer to the fleetest and stoutest. Charles, his new rider, [for Garry Bell was taken off,] having relieved Post Boy, again let him go by the head, and gave him the persuaders, but the go along was not in him. Contrary to the express orders of Mr. Garrison, Joe Dunby, on Bumper, cut [out the] work the 3d mile, when he should have held to Atalanta, [who was laying close up,] and kept a sharp look out for Gypsey. The result of the heat might have been anticipated. Atalanta having put Bumper up to all he could do on the 3d mile, Gypsey, who was going in hand, came up on the 4th, lapped Atalanta on the back stretch—passed her on the hill—and collared Bumper, and finally beat him in the straight run home by half a length, after a desperate brush. Bumper lost this heat and race from his jockey's disobedience of orders. Jim Jewell, on Gypsey, lost a stirrup on the 1st mile, and to win the heat after such an untoward accident does both him and the fine mare he so gracefully bestrode the utmost credit.

Third heat.—The knowing ones were again at fault, and Gypsey was now the favorite—a fact which her performances hitherto would seem to justify. She led off at a tell-tale pace, Post Boy 2d, and Atalanta 3d. Bumper came out in advance of the crowd as they passed the stand on the 2d mile, the field all in a cluster. After a deal of pulling and persuading, Atalanta got the track on entering the 3d mile, Bumper and Post Boy having changed positions. Gypsey went up on the back stretch in the most gallant style, and brushed with each horse, eventually passing the whole, beating off Post Boy a long way, a 3d rider having got a straddle of him who could no more manage him than he could an elephant, and the same might be said of the two others. "*Gil. Patrick*, the game chicken," who has heretofore ridden him, and placed him first, with a single exception, is just recovering from the fever and ague. He quotes Hackett, and says the fever sticks to him, but that he is too lazy to shake! The last mile of this heat was severely contested throughout. Atalanta headed Gypsey by a throatlatch as they surmounted the hill, after a severe run in the mud on the back side of the course, and though the latter received every persuasion to increase her stride, Gov. Spriggs' beautiful mare gradually gained upon her, and finally won by two lengths.

Fourth heat.—The excited feelings of the friends of each of the three horses that had won a heat, were now wound up to the highest pitch, and once more was Atalanta the favorite, though Gypsey's friends were staunch to the last. Bumper's chance was gone, save in the event of accident, he having been run for each heat. However, after a false, or "foul" start, he took the track on the first quarter, and, with the field, went along at an exercise gallop, which was continued for the first mile and a half, when Atalanta was set to work, and shook off Gypsey, and "trumped out" by collaring Bumper, and passing him on the north bend. She was never afterwards headed, though both the others "tried it on" repeatedly, and at length completed her sixteenth mile by coming in half a dozen lengths a-head, thereby winning one of the best contested and most interesting races witnessed on the Union Course since the match of Eclipse and Henry.

SECOND RACE, *Same Day.*—Match $3000 a side. Three mile heats.

Carey Thompson's b. h. *Enceiro*, by Star, dam by Ball's Eagle, 5 yrs. 114 lbs ....(*John Hartman*).	2	1	1
Gen. C. Irvine's b. m. *Azalia*, by Mambrino, out of Wren by Ratler, 5 yrs. 111 lbs..........................(*Jack*).	1	2	2

Time, 6:11—6:8.—Third heat, *too dark to see!*

It was very near dark before the horses were brought upon the track. People could see the horses across the field the 1st heat—could distinguish *something* the second, while, during the third, they could see nothing at all! The odds ranged at about 100 to 75 on Enceiro.

Azalia went off from the score at a killing rate, and led throughout the heat.—Enceiro made a strong effort for the heat on the last mile, but soon "shut up," and the mare won by two lengths.

The betting between the two was now even. Again they got away, Azalia cutting out the work with her fine racing stride, which she maintained by the most desperate struggles until the third mile, when the superior stoutness of the horse, and the heavy state of the track, told upon Azalia, who lost the heat by nearly half a length, after displaying the most unflinching game.

Third Heat—We never made a *mem.* of this heat, and for a very good reason: nobody would hold a candle for us. One was brought out of the Pavillion, that the Judges might see that two horses started in lieu of one. It had become so dark, that it was as much as ever the people in the other stands could tell, into a rod or two, where the Judges' stand was. In consequence, the Club Stand was deserted, and every body in the enclosed space formed into line along the edge of the track. One horse looked so much like both, as Quashee said, you couldn't tell t'other from which! At length they were called up, and after *fe*[illegible] to ascertain that the boys were mounted, the signal was given, and away they went. Every one [illegible] in the highest spirits, and many a laugh was excited as the wags on the publi[illegible] stand cried out from time to time "Azalia's ahead!" or "Enceiro's got her!" when it was evident they couldn't see their thumbs or their own ugly noses. Azalia, at any rate, led in the first two miles "if seeing (nothing) is believing," though Enceiro won the heat by more than a length. W[illegible] the Judge d[illegible] that Enceiro won the money, some dozen individuals called out—[illegible] us the [illegible]"—"What is the time?" to which Mr. K. replied—"Between two days—[illegible] yourselves, gentlemen!"

Thus closed the Second Annual Fall Meeting on the Union [illegible]ourse. The sport was excellent, the attendance meagre, and the weather a[illegible]e. We have neither time or room at this late hour to speak of variou[illegible]s" connected with this meeting that claim our attention, and our rep[illegible]e races, which we believe to be correct in every particular, we are oblig[illegible]end to the printer with all its imperfections on its head, as we have merely had time to transfer to paper our "sketches by the wayside."

TRENTON RACES NEXT WEEK.

We have room merely to advise every votary of the turf to be in a[illegible] on the Eagle Course, next week. The races commence on Tues[illegible] and [illegible] number of Southern stables will be there. On the 10th, (Thursd[illegible] come[illegible] match, $5000 a side, 4 mile heats, between *Mingo* and *Bost Boy*. You must go.

CHALLENGE TO EDWIN EORREST!

We are authorized to announce that BEPPO will meet EDWIN FORREST [illegible] match, one mile and repeat, under the saddle, for $1000, over the Centreville Trotting Course, L. I., any day next week or the week following, that shall be named by the parties.

Nov. 5th, 1836.

Trotting Match against Time for $8000!

MR. BROWN, the proprietor of the Hunting Park Trotting Course, Philadelphia, informs us that on Monday next, (Nov. 7th,) will come off his match against time; $4000 a-side, having been staked that his horse, *Mount Holly*, cannot perform Twenty Miles in One Hour. This is the second attempt of Mr. Brown's to perform this unprecedented feat; if the weather is fine, and Mount Holly has a good rider, the odds will not average more than 10 to 8 on time.

We don't believe it, and won't!—We are requested to state, that "in consequence of the reception of Gen. J. A. MABRY in Kentucky, he has come to the determination of retiring from the turf!" Not a bit of it. The General feels a little sore, we presume, and doubtless imagines his Kentucky oppon[illegible]ailed to "stand up to the trough," in the matter of his banters against their cra[illegible]s with his stable. He will show them "the wood with the bark [illegible], for though they have an occasional *Rodolph* [illegible] *Missletoe*, that will r[illegible] a Locomotive, we hear he has in his stabl[illegible] fast crabs, whose pac[illegible]most equal to chain-lightning, whipped up! [illegible], we must comply w[illegible] correspondent's request, and therefore ann[illegible]

Gen. J. A. MABRY, of Campbell's S[illegible] Knoxville, Tenn., [illegible] for sale his extensive stock of Blooded Horse[illegible]luding the celebrated *Lilac*, *Mary Queen of Scotts*, and several promising Leviathan Colts and Fillies. Lilac and Mary Q. of S. will be sold together for $10,000.

☞ The report of the races on Friday and Saturday over the Kendall Course, we have not room for this week—Kendall won each.

☞ Our City Theatricals, Mr. King's Concert, and several othe[illegible] in type are crowded out, but will be attended to in our next.

POST BOY AND JOHN BASCOMB

At the request of several correspondents we make room for the annexed article, that appeared in the Baltimore Turf Register for Oct. We are not surprised that it should have caused a considerable degree of feeling amongst Southern turfmen, and only wonder what could possibly have induced the editor of the Register to have admitted an article so grossly unjust towards the winner of the great sectional match, into his pages, where it appears as editorial. "Let justice be done though the Heavens fall;" *John Boscomb* won his proud title fairly and undoubtedly. If any there are that begrudge him the possession of the saddle of *Eclipse*, as "the American Champion," let them dispute his pretensions in a sportsmanlike manner, and not seek to damn him with faint praise. His friends ask "a fair field and no favor," and as he won his laurels, so will he maintain them. Here is the Turf Register's article:—

In many of the remarks suggested by the late match between Post Boy and Bascomb, made in papers professing to be the annalists of racing, there are many which might have been spared as both inaccurate and illiberal. The character of the match being professedly a question of the relative speed and bottom of northern and southern horses, was calculated to revive much of that ancient excitement that led to the race between Eclipse and Henry; and which it appears, from some southern remarks, has lost but little of its keenness in the recent race between the descendant of the latter and his southern conqueror; for such we may call him, until time and events shall question his right to the title. That the story, as it may be hereafter told, of this match, may be accompanied by the opinions and feelings of the day, it is well that the facts be stated by a person possessed of the power and disposition to be both accurate and candid. In the early part of last year, a post match was made professedly between the north and the south by two individuals of some sporting celebrity. This match came off on Tuesday, the 31st of May last, and at the post John Bascomb and Post Boy were severally named as the champions of the lists. The race terminated in favor of Bascomb, but under circumstances that justified new and distinct propositions for another trial. The friends of Post Boy, therefore, on the day of the race, made a public challenge to run a match race with Bascomb over the Union Course, on any day within thirty days, for $10,000, which was declined. On the ensuing day they again publicly offered to enter both horses on the ensuing four mile day, and to run for an inside stake of $5,000; to this no answer was made. A similar proposition was then made by the friends of Post Boy, to bet the odds of $5,000 to $1,000. At length an individual from the State of Alabama, authorised, as he stated himself to be, by the owner of Bascomb, accepted the offer for the $5,000, with a forfeit of $500. The preliminaries were scarcely settled, when Col. Crowell requested it as a favor from one of the then owners of Post Boy, that his friend might be released from the acceptance of the match, and it be annulled.—This favor was conceded on a stipulated condition, that the concession should be publicly announced, as a favor desired and requested by the owner of Bascomb. A public challenge was then offered to run Post Boy against Bascomb in the ensuing Fall, at the odds of $11,000 to $10,000. This proposition was declined, and at the close of the races, and after every fair proposition had met with a flat refusal, a counter proposition was offered by the owner of Bascomb to this effect: By a fiction, to assume that Bascomb was in Alabama, and to give or take $4,000,—to make a race for $20,000, either on the Union Course, or on that of Augusta, in Georgia. The fiction, though well enough to justify a proposition, was rather too much of a fiction for its acceptance. The friends of Post Boy had received rather too strong an evidence of the presence of Bascomb on the Union Course, to believe that he was then at Augusta, and thought that $4,000 was too much odds to ask from a beaten horse, when both horses were there and could be trained on the spot. A second counter proposition was then made, to run on equal terms in Virginia, or on the Central track, at Baltimore. Both of these counter propositions were declined by the friends of Post Boy, because they designated a place of running different from that on which Post Boy had been beaten, and this defeated the great object of the match, which was to test the character of the two horses on the same track on which he had been beaten, that the variation of the ground and the difference of weight might not hereafter be a subject of controversy. It ought to be borne in mind, that this was a race of a peculiar character, made under the influence of sectional feelings; and if in its termination it has left a doubt in regard to the merit of the winning horse, it is a question for the consideration of southern sportsmen, how highly they will estimate a success, which is alleged to be the consequence of indisposition on the day of the race, and which, whether true or false, still backed as the allegation was by the money of the north, must be presumed to be true. In declining to meet Post Boy has not the south perilled the well earned reputation of their favorite, and though loaded with the spoils of the field, have they not surrendered the great trophy, the field itself, and sent back their favorite, John Bascomb, to the plains of Alabama branded high in his forehead with the challenge of Post Poy.

Many in the south may content themselves with the simple event that Bascomb has won the race. This can, however, be little consolation to his spirited owner. In the warmth of his feeling for the fame of the south, he had generously acquiesced in the proposition to send his horse to the north. To him the question must often occur—what did he gain in the race that may not be lost by his refusal of the challenge of Post Boy? Has his horse established an unquestioned supremacy in the opinion of the men of the turf, and whose opinions are hereafter to control the fortunes of his horse? Sedulously sought, and indeed pursued by his beaten antagonist in every field where there was any chance of finding him, and where winners are generally found? Sought on the four mile day on Long Island, and pursued to Trenton, in the vicinity of which he then was—challenged publicly to meet in either field—what, I ask, is to be that opinion? These horses are now [illegible] the retirement of John Bascomb in the south, destined never to meet, their racing career is soon to be closed, public discussion is soon to sit in judgment on their relative merits, and when it does it will refer to the position they relatively occupied before the race—that of Post Boy was one of commanding character. In the space of twelve months he had won four Jockey Club purses of four mile heats, beating in two heats the best horses of the north, and the then esteemed two best horses of Virginia—I refer to Black Heath and Juliana. He had won two matched races against horses of some celebrity for their speed, both from the south. He had won his last four mile race in two heats of 7m. 52s. and [illegible] 1½s., hard in hand, and without a struggle, over a track by no means good. He had pulled to every field, and under such a pressure as to [illegible] it a question with some whether he could not pole every horse he had beaten. Bascomb, it is true was a favorite horse of the south, but how had he acquired his fame. He [illegible] ever won a race of three mile heats in less than six minutes. I now speak [illegible] the Turf Register. He had won a single four mile heat in 7m. 44s. over [illegible] track on the face of the earth, carrying 12lbs. less than his age prescribed [illegible] north.

Post Boy [illegible] been trained for the match on Long Island, where the winter had been one of unprecedented severity, and where, up to the 11th of April, the whole face of the country had been covered with snow. Bascomb had been trained in Georgia for his match with Argyle, which came off on the 12th of April, after which he immediately started for the north, over a country well calculated for walking [illegible] even galloping exercise. He had had a long and hard training, and [illegible] very relaxation that his journey afforded him to recruit. He arrived [illegible] Island three weeks prior to the 31st of May. Those who are judges of [illegible] preparing a horse for a race, will be able to estimate the relative [illegible] the southern horse possessed over his northern competitor. On [illegible] terms of inequality they met; one indicating a high state of condition, the other remarked by the best sportsmen of the south as the reverse. Their keen glance soon detected what indeed was too perceptible to escape the most inexperienced of those who had on former occasions witnessed the triumphs of Post Boy. Nor were they undeceived by his performance in the race; the first mile was run in 2m. 2s., Bascomb leading his antagonist by three lengths, and under circumstances that satisfied the friends of Post Boy, that it was out of his power to run his mile in less time, and it is the sincere belief of the writer of these remarks, (notwithstanding the idle opinions and statements that have been offered by journalists to the public,) that no urging could have exacted a greater degree of speed in that mile, as it was apparent the spur was freely used, and only spared when it ceased to produce any effect.

The sporting world had long been familiar with Post Boy's stride and the style in which he had run in former races, and now remarked the change. They had often seen him in his first mile yawing from right to left, his rider swinging to him in all the uncertainty of who was to be master, in less by many seconds than Bascomb ran his first mile. They now saw him for the first time, accomplish his first mile extended in his stride, with his mouth closed and apparently incapable of making an exertion to reach his leading competitor. It may be asked, to what cause is to be attributed this singular change, (for change it must be,) when the same horse that could not reach Bascomb in a first mile of a first heat, while [illegible] and unexhausted, in 2m. 2s. over the Union Course, runs on the ensuing [illegible] his last mile of a four mile heat over the course at Trenton in 1m. 47s. [illegible] may be attributed to his general condition or temporary indisposition—it is [illegible] the fame of Post Boy that it is a fact. It is sufficient that evidence does [illegible] either one or the other and that notwithstanding he was beaten, he will [illegible] moment be backed against any horse in the United States, for as large a [illegible] as ever yet was staked [illegible] match race in this country. That he now [illegible] north as the acknowledged [illegible] of Bascomb, and as the winner of two [illegible] Club purses against [illegible] horses of the north and the south since [illegible] That in eleven days [illegible] twenty-four miles, winning sixteen—eight of which were fetlock deep in [illegible] Therefore if the position he occupied before his race be commanding, that which must now be assigned to him since his race with Bascomb is not less so.

It is said, that the position of Bascomb since his race, does not impose upon him any obligation to offer or receive a challenge; that whether he owes his success to what sporting men call luck, or to his greater speed or bottom, is a question [illegible] now be called upon to agitate. That standing, as it is said, at [illegible] American turf, he owes no allegiance to the rule that prevails in [illegible] England, that no pugilist shall continue to wear the honors of the champion, unless prepared to defend them against every challenger. That the law of racing acknowledges no such rule, and that the great horse, whose saddle he now wears as a trophy, did under similar circumstances refuse a similar challenge.

To this it may be replied, that there might be force in the objection had the challenge proceeded from any other horse than Post Boy. But that Post Boy, as the selected champion of the north, has rights against John Bascomb, the selected champion of the south, that could not be claimed or admitted in the person of any other horse; for instance, had the challenge reference to a different horse, it might with propriety be declined, upon the ground that as Bascomb came here to meet but one champion in the lists to be named at the post, he could acknowledge no obligation to meet any other. That the north and the south had put in issue at the post a single fact, which of the horses *named* was the better horse, that the trial of that issue must be limited to them, and that if either through an accident occurring in the race, or from indisposition preceding the race, either one or the other had been incapacitated, it was not in the spirit of racing to refuse to the horse so incapacitated, the opportunity of sustaining the reputation he had nobly won and fairly acquired on the turf. That the challenge of Post Boy, founded upon an alleged indisposition perceptible during his race, and fully developing itself immediately after the race, was a privilege conferred upon the beaten horse by the very character of the match, which in the true spirit of racing he had a right to claim, and which, in the same spirit, the winner had no right to decline, and that admitting that Eclipse did on a former occasion decline the challenge of Henry, still in referring to the history of that match, it is evident that it was under circumstances differing materially from those under which Post Boy and Bascomb met.

That Eclipse had been named against the world. His competitor might have been selected from the north or the south—He might have been taken from the deserts of Arabia, or selected from among the victorious winners of the Doncaster, the Derby, or the Oaks; the terms of the match had no limitation, no reservation. If with these fearful odds against him Eclipse succeeded, with what propriety could the beaten horse, alleging no accident, no indisposition, but, on the contrary, in the finest condition that the art of man could produce, claim the privilege of a challenger. The remarks now submitted to the public are intended to represent with a sufficient degree of accuracy, the terms on which the north and the south have brought, I presume, to a final termination, the controversy in regard to the late race.

It is true the north feels a strong and exciting interest in the fame of Post Boy, and were, and are anxious to remove all uncertainty in regard to the station they have assigned to him in the racing calendar.

The merit of Bascomb they have never questioned, and the higher he stands in their estimation the more gratifying it would be that he should establish beyond all controversy his claims to that rank. They are both the property of the country, and it is matter of little moment to that country on whose brow is fixed the laurel, provided it is rightly placed. Baltimore Turf Register for Oct.

As the annexed letter from a well known Southern Turfman, embodies most of the remarks and reflections contained in several communications before us, we give it a place though written "in King Cymbyses' vein." Had we leisure, we would pursue the subject further, but must defer our intention for the present. The fact of Post Boy's defeat (though out of condition) at Camden last week, will allay, more than any prescription of ours, the intermittent fever so prevalent among the friends of "the rival champions."

TO WM. T. PORTER, ESQ., EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

AUGUSTA, GA., Oct. 16, 1836.

Dear Sir,—I have just read a communication in the American Turf Register of this month, respecting *Post Boy* and *Bascomb*, which I presume must be editorial, as it has no signature. I have no interest in John Bascomb, but being struck with its unfairness towards him, am induced to propound the following questions to the friends of Post Boy:

1st. If they considered it so certain that he could beat Bascomb, why did they not agree to run at Washington City?

They may answer this question by reference to the remarks of the communication alluded to above—That they wanted to try the same weights and the same ground. This objection is frivolous, for the same kind of ground could not have been had on Long Island, unless they could get the same kind of a storm by calling for it. The objection to the weights could not lie, for I feel very certain that Col. CROWELL would have carried the same weights, had they only *hinted* their desires. The difference was but 2lbs.

2d. Was not the race alluded to the best that Post Boy ever ran?

3d. Was it not just as easy for Post Boy to come from New York to Georgia as for Bascomb to do so, when they were both at the same spot, at the same moment?

4th. Would not the odds which Col. Crowell offered, have been sufficient to pay all the expenses of Post Boy in coming and going?

5th. Why did he not come to Georgia to run the race? I regret to see that the owners of Post Boy take their defeat so unkindly. It was the best race he ever ran, and I have no doubt the best that he ever will run. It was an effort that they should be proud of, and they ought not to attribute their defeat to a want of order, so long as it stands as his *greatest* effort, nor talk of his not being able to run his *first* mile in less than 2m. 2s., when his 3d mile was about 10s. less than [illegible] It's a queer beast that can run his 3d mile in 10s. quicker than his first.

I [illegible] perfectly astonished that Post Boy's friends should boast of his performance at Trenton. He ran a mile there very fast, to be sure, if correctly given. We do not dispute his being a first rate *mile* horse.—Let him enjoy the honor of being the best in the Union if they will, Bascomb will not contend for the laurel. But until Post Boy outruns his own and Bascomb's time, he must be content to stand one grade below John Bascomb as a *four mile* nag. No more chaffing. If he *will* rush upon ruin, let him take up Bascomb's banter for $20,000, and come and try him again. The way he'll lick him will be a sight.

Yours, &c. A. B. C.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN TROTTING HORSES.

The annexed article is from the London "Sportsman" for August, and accompanies an engraving of *Nonpareil*, the celebrated English trotting mare. So much attention is paid here lately to the breeding of trotters, that the article will be read with interest.

The subject of our present embellishment is a chesnut mare, the property of Mr. John Dixon of Knightsbridge. She is eight years old, fifteen hands high, and celebrated for her extraordinary power as a trotter. The engraving has been taken from a very spirited and faithful sketch furnished for the purpose, by that deservedly eminent artist, W. H. Davis, Esq., Animal Painter to the Queen; which has been very accurately transferred by the burine.

A match was made for this mare, wherein her owner backed her to trot one hundred miles in ten successive hours and a half, for one hundred pounds; and Mr. Dixon took a bet of 200 to 106, that she would accomplish the distance within ten hours. The match came off on Sunbury Common, on Wednesday, [illegible] 27th of April of the present year. The day was very fine. Nonpareil started at six o'clock in the morning, and performed this extraordinary undertaking apparently with ease, in nine hours, fifty-six minutes, and three seconds.—She was trained and driven by Mr. W. Stacey, of Hook, near Kingston-upon-Thames.

The inhabitants of the United States of America seem to have inherited from their original progenitors that attachment to the horse, the most elegant and the noblest quadruped in the circle of creation, for which the English have always [illegible] pre-eminently distinguished: and, it may be remarked that, as these transatlantic possessions were in their possession in their infancy, as a civilized state, Americans commenced their racing career with trotters. In the course of our existence, it has fallen to our lot to be possessed of a good trotter; we had once an excellent hunter that trotted eight miles with us in a few seconds under half an hour; [illegible] had occasionally seen very superior trotters also; but when Tom Thumb and Rattler appeared in this country from America, their mode of going excited our astonishment: the horses could trot faster than any of those reputed trotters which we had previously seen, and they performed the pace boldly and fairly: it was the genuine trot, a pace which, we thought at that moment, had been carried in those two horses to the greatest perfection of which it is susceptible: in this respect, however, we were mistaken; nor have we the least doubt that all those persons who were acquainted with Tom Thumb and Rattler, and who have since had an opportunity of witnessing the performances of Nonpareil, and the manner in which those performances were accomplished, will readily admit that, while her action, or mode of going, is as smooth and as beautiful as possible, her speed is superior to that of any other trotter which ever appeared in public.

No quadruped can be very fleet without being very powerful also; since superior speed must be the result of superior strength; and, accordingly, although the American trotters mentioned above, were little more than Galloways in height, their animal organization was not only in beautiful correspondence, but manifested extraordinary strength also: nor was this all; although they did not appear exactly thorough-breds, yet the form and character of the genuine Arabian were sufficiently conspicuous to prove the preponderance of the true blood; while the impress or feel of their bone, and the superior development of tendon, incontestibly corroborated the same idea. Indeed, every person acquainted with horses, must be well aware that such performances as those of Tom Thumb and Rattler, could only be accomplished by an animal as nearly thorough-bred as possible. But, how the Americans became possessed of such a class or description of horses did not strike us at the moment, though a little reflection brought the matter clearly before our mind's eye, or dissipated the mystery which, at the first blush of the case seemed to envelope it. Columbus, and those Spaniards who visited the American Continent shortly after its discovery, amongst other importations, or rather perhaps exportations, took over a considerable number of horses, having very soon discovered that the unfortunate natives were greatly alarmed at cavalry; and hence it is fair to presume that the horse is not indigenous to this vast quarter of the globe, as it was unknown to the natives of both South and North America prior to this period.

When Spain was invaded and partially conquered by the Moors, the latter brought with them a great number of horses from their own country, of that variety distinguished by the appellation of Barb, and which may be regarded as next to the genuine horse. Hence the breed of horses in Spain became very much improved; and from this highly improved stock, large draughts found their way to America in the manner we have already noticed, increased very rapidly, and spread themselves over both Continents of this very extensive country. The discovery of America by Columbus took place in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, who, after the expulsion of the Moors, had succeeded in uniting the whole provinces of which Spain is composed under their authority.—Many of the horses taken by the Spaniards to America were allowed to run wild, and we know that in the almost boundless plains of the Southern Continent these animals may be seen at the present moment, in vast herds, in a state of unlimited freedom; while something of the same kind is observable in the prairies or savannahs of the North.

It is therefore abundantly evident that the celebrated American trotters already noticed, were descendants from Spanish importations, (the latter bred immediately from the Barb), and consequently as nearly of full blood as possible. If, however, the trotters of America owe much to breeding, they may be said to be still more indebted to the influence of education, as will presently appear.

Trotting matches and trotting races have been long common enough in the U. States; and in order to enable their trotters to acquire the greatest perfection of which the pace is susceptible, the Americans accustom these nags to the trot, and the trot only, from early life; so that, these animals, acquainted, as it were, with no other pace, when urged to increased speed, never break into the gallop.

The action of the horse in the trot varies very much from that brought into operation in the gallop; the former being more lateral than the latter: thus, in the trot, a fore leg and hind leg on the same side may be said to move at the same time, indicating that rise in the rider so essential to an easy and corresponding position. The beats of the horse's feet in the gallop are very different, they create a more undulating motion, and although the off side of the animal is a trifle in advance, the pace is more smooth and even. However, as far as relates to the draughts made upon the animal system by these two modes of progressive motion; or, in other words, as respects the degree of fatigue occasioned by them, the balance is greatly in favor of the trot. When it becomes necessary to perform a long journey, to travel a number of successive days, for instance, the trot must be adopted, as the gallop, under such circumstances, would very soon bring the horse to a stand. The gallop is the fleeter pace of the two for a short distance, but cannot be maintained like the trot; because in the motion of the gallop the horse is united and extended every stride, and thus the operation on the system, and on the lungs in particular, becomes very distressing, if at least it be continued for any length of time.

Now, it may naturally enough be asked, are not our racers, seeing they manifest such superior speed in the gallop, calculated to excel in the trot? which we feel no hesitation to answer in the affirmative. Superior progressive motion is the result of superior animal conformation; and the form best calculated for the trot will be found superior for the gallop also. Were our splendid racers taught from early life the trot, and the trot only, and steadily kept to this pace, in as much as they are larger, and their stride much greater than the class of horses generally used for trotting, they would excel precisely in proportion; and, however we may be surprised at trotting performances which have been already accomplished, they would be far surpassed under the circumstances just pointed out.

In riding a trotting match or race, it is the custom to sit down on the saddle, lean back, and thus drive the animal forward; yet, notwithstanding the general concurrence in favor of this mode of managing or riding the trotter, we are by no means convinced of its superiority! The true principles of equitation or horsemanship consist of, or are based upon, the rider assuming a corresponding position to the motion of the animal which carries him, whether in the walk, trot, or gallop. Those acquainted with the subject, or who possess practical experience as horsemen, are well aware that to sit down in the saddle when the horse trots is not the easiest position which may be assumed, because it forms no correspondence, at least no correct correspondence, with the motion of the horse.—On the contrary, if when the horse begins to trot out, his rider will take the hint, which will be impressively given, and rise with the motion, he will experience none of that unpleasant shaking, or concussion which must result from the opposite system; moreover, while the rider thus becomes placed in an easy position, the horse will go more at his ease in the same proportion.

Nonpareil, it will be perceived from the engraving, performed her extraordinary feats in harness, and the draught for the purpose was placed on the lowest part of her shoulders or breast, in preference to round the shoulders. It would appear that those who prefer the former method, adopt it from the supposition that the animal thus breathes more freely, that the passage of the air up and down the windpipe is thus less impeded. We feel rather sceptical on the subject: a light collar, which fits the horse in a proper manner, does not interfere, in the most trifling degree, with the passage or operation of the windpipe, while it spreads the weight round, or places it upon the shoulders, and thus adjusts it much more correctly; at the same time, it offers not the least interruption to the progressive motion of the horse, which, we think, the breast strap must effect, even though perhaps but in a trifling degree. From a very light vehicle, such as that drawn by Nonpareil, little draught will be felt when going at the requisite speed; yet, if we study the anatomy of the horse, and take the nature of draught into consideration, it will be found, we are inclined to think, that the collar is preferable to the broad strap, and, therefore, ought to be used on all future similar occasions.

A few words on *Condition*, and we have done. To trot one hundred miles in ten successive hours and a half, requires not only speed, but a degree of perseverance beyond the animal powers of the horse, unless he has previously attained the best possible condition, which can only be brought about by food, physic, and exercise. Now, no greater proof can be given of the superior breeding of Nonpareil than her capacity to attain *condition*. It is well known, particularly in the training stable, that none but a thorough-bred horse can eat sufficient corn, and go through the requisite exercise, for the purpose in question; or, in other words, if a horse not thorough-bred, be supplied with corn in the same manner as the genuine courser, he soon refuses to eat, and becomes terrified at the sight of the exercise ground; in short, inasmuch as his vigor, strength, and spirit, are inferior to those of the genuine thorough-bred horse, he quickly sinks under the labor required from the racer to prepare him for the course. That large development, elasticity, and hardness of the tendon and muscle, which fits the thorough-bred for his struggle on the course, cannot be placed on the bones or frame of what is called a half-bred horse, whatever pains may be taken for the purpose; a tolerable opinion, therefore, may be formed of a horse by the degree of condition which he is capable of acquiring; and when we hear of such extraordinary feats as those accomplished by Nonpareil, we may rest assured the animal by whom they were performed is remarkably well-bred.

HORSES—THEIR MANAGEMENT, ETC.

"Here we raise horses that in speed outstrip
The winds."
"Each species of horse every country don't suit."

"Suit the action to the *horse*, and the *horse* to the action."

THE consideration of the British horse, although it has been for centuries one of engrossing importance to even those who have taken or can feel but little interest in what may technically be termed the Sporting World, is a subject on which no man need fear to offer an opinion or hazard a few desultory remarks, such as is my present intention, unless under the impressive conviction that he was altogether incapable. But I cannot call either to memory or mind any one period in the long and eventful æra during which the undivided ardor, sound judgment, and persevering constancy of our countrymen have achieved that unique and triumphant mark of nationality, our thorough-bred horse, when the most humble amateur or the lowest laborer in the great National Stud might be better held excused than the present, when people of all nations and all ends of the earth are coming with money in their sacks to obtain them at any ransom whatever.—Having in my last communication been led to the point that "thorough-bred ones were doubtless much more in general use than formerly," I shall resume, and to the best of a poor, but anxious, ability endeavor to shew what is at least my own notion and experience on that head, more particularly as regards my present subject matter. It has long been a cry with the praisers of past times, and they have been no few, and bigotedly, and, it may be added, disgustingly opinionated, that our racers, or more properly speaking full blood horses, have deteriorated.

Do not be alarmed. I am not going to enter into what has been rendered more tedious than "Chevy Chase to a dismal Psalm-tune;" but I *do* not, *can* not admit the fact, though there is a show of reason for it. My own humble idea is this, that there are three obvious causes for the supposition:—*imprimis*, interest; secondly, Taste or Fashion; thirdly, the consummation of the breed. Brevity is my motto, both as regards remark or paper; hence, interest causes us to train greenhorns: Taste and Fashion will have short races; but perhaps the one is a natural consequence of the other, for we cannot have our cake and eat it; and the consummation of the breed has transfused the parent springs or sources into such endless rills and ducts, that to shew that our horses are now decidedly bred in-and-in, the pedigree of any one of them has only to be truly tested. We never, now-a-days, hear or see as formerly, and within my memory, of men advertising themselves for Stud-grooms, &c., as "well versed in crossing the blood." It would be a thank-you-for-nothing as matters now stand. You make your own selections as to shape, public running, *Temper*, *Fashion*, (*God save us, let us never lose sight of that!*) any thing else you will; but there are some half dozen (barely more) parent lakes originally fed by a few more numerous original mountain or desert springs, to which every present stream of blood, however tortuous, will come back. We need go no further than our own Islands to prove the individuality in outward appearance of a race. Has Norman blood expunged the Saxon semblance in merry England?—No. Has Milesian, the Kern in Ireland?—No Is not Scotland remarkable for its own features?—Certainly. When our forefathers *commenced* breeding and training for the Turf, we have no *data* to know what they began with. Evelyn, in his "Diary," mentions particularly a race in his day, Charles the Second's reign, between Flatfoot and Woodcock, which would seem to have been a Hambletonian and Diamond concern of those times. But *dab* as he was at the pedigree of a tree or plant, (see his "Sylvia,") he has left us quite in the dark as to the cattle; and this same notice of Evelyn's bears out the remark I commenced with, that the British horse had been for centuries an engrossing subject with even those who were not sportsmen. But not to run out of the course. When these said forefathers did begin breeding, the first curse *interest*, had little to do with it; consequently they neither trained their colts nor fillies until they reached full maturity, or *overbreed*, if I may so use the the word, their mares. But I am getting on too fast. Individuality of appearance could not be expected in the very first instances, breeding from discordant races, though ab-original Eastern pure blood, any more than a man commencing a pack of fox-hounds, though with the best blood, now-a-days can tell where in ten years he may land as to distinctive personal appearance in the character of his hounds, though he may carry out his own notion to a certain extent. But as in course of time the parent stocks came to be crossed, and re-crossed, ultimately mingled and blended, and assuming a distinctive character, they ended, so to say, in our present blood stock, a much finer and more generally useful animal than any of the kinds it was derived from: nor is there any thing over extraordinary in this decided effect of long and judicious culture—some of our finest garden vegetables were originally weeds.

I have remarked above that in earlier times they did not *overbreed*. This we have sufficient authority for, and among others, the late celebrated Sam Chifney, who, in his Book "Genius Genuine," states it as his positive opinion that the horses in his later days had deteriorated as to size and appearance—I do not recollect, and I have not now got the Book, whether he also included performances—and assigns as his principal reason, that the mares were never allowed any rest as long as they would hold to the horse, whereas formerly the system was quite different; and sometimes prophetically warns the breeders against such usages. But although this be the case, it does not shew or prove that the blood or breed has in itself degenerated; but that by improper treatment, forcing nature prematurely, and beyond the medium power, we do not on the whole produce the animal we might. I say on the whole, because no man in his senses will say that the *pick* of horses are not as good as well can be; but where there was one horse bred 50 or 60 years back, there are now at least a score, and *all* cannot be top;—consequently the drafts are thrown every year on the market, and hence, coupled with increasing taste for that species of hackney more particularly, blood-horses are in far more general use than formerly. In this point of view the early training is in some sort useful, as a horse is soon found out, and at three years, at all events, sold if unpromising. This gives time to break properly for general purposes; and if a nag has good shoulders, haunches, and hocks, he will make a hackney, or perhaps a hunter for the weight he can carry.

Whatever a thorough bred horse does do *as it should be done*, will be done more pleasantly than by any other kind of horse; and in harness, particularly single, there is nothing like them, at least that I have ever seen, for private use or comfort; and I think I may add for any, particularly to go a distance. Some time, but long since, I had a little grey horse, and particularly handsome, own Brother to Blacklegs, by Hambletonian. He was a pleasant hack; but although he would fence occasionally, he was so uncertain as not to be safe; so I treated him to the leather-rig, and then he was complete. I lived at that time just fifty miles from Town, and used to go much backwards and forward, always gigging it: his time, taking an hour to rest, was six hours and a half, and it was always his *own* time, and he never valued it. I have seen several others excellent in harness. This horse I speak of never appeared to be *going*, his action was so smooth as you sat behind him; but cast your eye on the wheels, and you saw how it was.

Among these cast thorough-bred ones, there are doubtless many who are qualified for hunters of the first class; and for them there is always a demand and a market at any price; and there *again*, where he does make a fencer, the thorough-bred is, as he ought to be, first and first; but with that at present I have nothing to do. The cream being skimmed, there will be still others left who may make hunters for certain weights; which brings me to my subject matter:—are they the best stamp, or most eligible generally, for provincial or rough country horses? My unpretending, but long and varied experience, says No! Mere down countries—the upper part of Dorsetshire for instance—may be excepted, and all hill countries not over strongly or stiffly inclosed; for to go through, there must be weight; but in nine instances out of ten, blood, if not very much overloaded, will be first up a hill. Yet I read, and that very lately, in your pages, that Colonel H. Wyndham uses blood principally in Sussex. Exceptions there will be; and when a man can pick and cull, especially a Master of Hounds, who can get anything made that will make, the case is not one of general application. In real rough countries, such as many parts of the North, and I should imagine in parts of Devonshire and Cornwall, Ireland, Scotland, Wales—to say nothing of the hill part of the country whence I now write—a thorough-bred horse is objectionable, inasmuch as whatever be his other qualities, nothing puts any animal more effectually *hors de combat* than does anything like *bog* or *swamp* to the full blood. I never saw one that did not cripple. They get terrified at once, will not use their powers, and for the most part shake and tremble like aspens; and when a thorough-bred one either gets thoroughly frightened or sulky, you may in nearly every instance almost as well kick at an oak post. No horse takes more room to his fences on the aggregate, or stands pully-hawly less; and in very large coverts or plantings, where you must turn everlastingly, and often right back to hounds, they are ineligible; they are in general careless, bad creepers, cannot go *through* as well as a good half-bred one; and I do not think, on the main, the best adapted for rough countries. Having now noticed this point, and to the best of my ability shewn that they are not the best suited for provincial horses, it will bring me to endeavour to explain what are best worthy of choice; and that will lead to a cursory notice of the Irish, Scotch and Welsh horses, before the subject is brought under view in the aggregate. STUD.

London Old Sporting Magazine, for July, 1836.

LIFE IN THE JUNGLE.

In the Spirit of the Times of the 30th July was contained the first chapter of Deccan's "Life in the Jungle." While in pursuit of a tiger, mounted upon elephants, a poor native attached to the party was seized by a panther, and before assistance could be afforded him, he was killed and shockingly mangled by the infuriated animal. This is the "melancholy accident" referred to at the opening of this chapter. It will be recollected that RIVERS is a British Officer, stationed at an outpost, far removed from the haunts of Europeans, and that with BLOWHARD, a native hunter, he set out with a numerous retinue upon a sporting excursion of several weeks, among the unexplored forest wilds of the Ghauts Mountains, in the north of India. "*Deccan*" is properly considered one of the most graphic and interesting writers of the day; his scenes and pictures in the East Indies are deemed every way comparable with *Tom Cringle's* in the West.

At the close of that day which had terminated with such a melancholy accident, the two sportsmen sat before the tent enjoying the coolness of the evening. The brief twilight of the tropics is the period of luxury to the Asiatics, and even Blowhard and his friend, hardened as they were to the scorching heat of an Indian climate, turned their bronzed faces with a feeling of delight to the refreshing breeze which whistled through the ropes that supported their canvass walls. A few minutes had sufficed to despatch their frugal meal, for both imitated in the simplicity of their habits the savage hunters of the forest, and bracing their nerves by exercise and temperance, required not the stimulus of wine to recruit their hardy frames. Blowhard was a real sportsman, not a sporting character. He neither drank, gambled, nor talked slang; but he could follow a trail like a Bheil; the mountain side and the level plain were alike to him when the grey boar was in front; the shy old stags, which no other could approach, fell under his deadly rifle; and his hand had never shaken, nor his eye quailed, in the moment of danger.

"I can think of nothing but that poor fellow in the panther's jaws," said Rivers to his companion, as he sat watching the setting sun sink in a blaze of light behind the distant hills. "Aye," replied Blowhard, "it is a cruel death to suffer, and a sad sight to witness; living as I have done for years in a country infested by tigers, it has been my lot to witness many such a scene. When I came to this district five years ago there was hardly a village which was not haunted by a man-eater, and you could scarce find a family of which some relative had not been carried off; a greater curse can hardly befal the poor natives than a tiger harboring at their doors. The women dare not fetch water from the wells, and the ryots cultivate their fields at the risk of their lives, never certain for an instant that a tiger is not watching them. If you passed one of these villages at sunset, you would hear wild yells ringing across the country as if it was hunted by a pack of niggers giving tongue on a hot scent. These were the voices of the poor persecuted laborers trying to scare any man-eater that might be dodging them as they returned to their homes." "But," interrupted Rivers, "why do not the natives turn out in a body and scour the country till they clear it of tigers?" "Poor devils, how can they?" answered Blowhard; "without elephants it is impossible. And then look at their clumsy ineffective weapons. If you had ever handled a matchlock you would allow that it required some determination to face a tiger, under any circumstances, with no better protection. It is quite a matter of chance whether or not the match ignites the damp priming, and if it does there is no certainty of its communicating with the charge in the barrel, consisting of a handful of powder as coarse in the grain as swan-shot, pounded into a cake by an iron ramrod, then jammed down with wet cow-dung, and surmounted by a ball as rough as if it had been chewed by a jack tar at the gangway. Add to all this that it has probably been loaded for a month, and you need not wonder that matchlocks are more dangerous to their owners than to game; and yet, with all this, a Hindoo mutters a prayer over his long barrel, and fires at a tigers head as coolly as if he was aiming at a target."

"Oh, how you would have laughed," said Rivers, "if you had been with me in Guzerat last year. We were beating for a lion on the banks of the Sauburmuttee, expecting to come upon him every moment, when I observed an old coolie searching amongst the bushes with as much composure as if he was seeking for birds' nests; on he went, inspecting every tuft of grass with a self-satisfied look which was inimitable. At last he comes up to the very bush in which the lion was, and stooping down, pokes his frizzled head through the branches to have a better view. All this time his matchlock was on his shoulder, the pan nicely closed with a bit of cloth, and a lump of smouldering cow-dung in his hand to light his match if necessary. 'What in the name of God are you doing?' exclaimed I. 'Doing?' said the coolie in a tone of surprise, blowing his fid of cow-dung, 'why looking for the lion to be sure, are not you looking for him?'"

"Capital," answered Blowhard, "I would walk fifty miles to see that fellow's coolness, and twice the distance to see him fairly in action—if I thought any miracle could save his life. The anecdote is quite characteristic of a native's sang froid; whether it proceeds from apathy, or his belief in predestination, I know not. They bear their misfortunes so patiently, and behave at times so gallantly, that one cannot help liking them with all their provoking ways. Little do they who live in towns know what a wretched life they lead who inhabit a jungle village haunted by a man-eater. You remarked that deserted hamlet by the date grove which we passed this morning."

"Where we observed the jackals prowling among the ruins?" inquired Rivers.

"The same. A few years ago that was a thriving village—a tigress made it what it is—her lair was within a hundred yards from the gates, at least there she generally lurked, but after killing a man she usually shifted her quarters for a few days. To-day a man would be carried off. A few daring fellows would turn out determined to despatch her. They used to find bones bleaching in her den and sometimes even her bed was still warm, but she was gone; and next morning another victim would disappear from a village many miles distant. I have no doubt she was often in the cover when they first entered it, but a man-eater is very watchful, and generally makes off at the least alarm. Let the rustle of a single footstep, however, reach her ears, and she will sneak from her den to listen—it is only a man, and the hungry devil knows well he is an easy prey—she will trot softly behind him with her stealthy cat-light pace, and she has him before he can utter a cry for help. The tigress prowled about the country like a destroying fiend, and was looked upon as a curse from heaven. People were afraid to leave their homes after sunset; whole villages were deserted, and day after day a report was spread of some new calamity. You know the apathy of the natives. After one or two ineffectual attempts to destroy her, they gave it up in despair, and sat down in quiet submission to their fate. So notorious at last had this tigress become, that government offered large rewards for her destruction; and then, for the first time, I heard of her. I marched upwards of a hundred miles to this spot, where I encamped, determined not to leave it till I had rid the country of such a pest. Mohadeen, Fukeera, and Bhurmah each took a division of the district, and worked day and night to mark her down. Fukeera was the first to get upon her trail, where she had killed a Brahmin on the preceding evening while washing his clothes in a nullah. He and his party never quitted it for three days, during which she led them a ring of forty miles, so watchful had she become in guarding against surprise. On the third day, late in the afternoon, they had carried the trail into the date grove. She had not passed through. The cover was surrounded in silence, and a messenger instantly despatched to my tents. Fortunately, the elephant was standing with his howdah fastened when the news arrived. I was at the ground in half an hour, and no time was lost, for she was already on the alert. I pushed the elephant into the cover at once, Fukeera walking by his side to pick out the trail. Her track was quite plain, and after leading us in a circle round the jungle, was traced back to the spot where it commenced. There the foot prints ceased; we were all at fault; a cast was made without success; but on looking back, to our amazement, a fresh trail was observed right over the elephant's track. This was quite unaccountable. Again we returned, and again the mysterious foot-print followed. We stopped for an instant, and Fukeera leaving the elephant's side to examine a bush, I fancied that I heard a growl; I looked round, and there was the old devil of a tigress close under the elephant's crupper, staring me in the face, apparently watching for an opportunity to seize Fukeera the moment he exposed himself by leaving the protection of the howdah. I pitched my rifle at her before she had time to draw back her head, and a ball straight between the eyes killed her on the spot. You should have seen Fukeera's face when he saw the famous man-eater rolling over at his feet—he sprang back to the elephant with one bound; but to do the gallant fellow justice, his hand was on his sword and his long blade ready. Thus fell one of the most cunning and dangerous brutes that ever infested a country. And now let me hear your news from head quarters. How get on the hounds?"

"Hounds!" exclaimed Rivers; "Oh, it would make you sick, Blowhard, to see their doings. A parcel of curs trying to worry a jackal to death at a trot, stinking of asafœtida so abominably, that you mught hunt him yourself. And then the screeching and yelling of the field, all in scarlet too, and to hear them talk knowing about the run, and to witness their ecstacy at a death, after a trot of twenty minutes, it would make you renounce a red coat for ever. I went out once to see what atrocities they would commit, and amply was I rewarded. The whole scene was ludicrous in the extreme, but every body was delighted, and at the conclusion, up comes the huntsman, a chubby-faced griffin, with a smiling face, to be complimented, I suppose. 'Splendid run, gentlemen,' says he, 'glad to see you, Mr. Rivers, was afraid that you were not a sportsman, since we had never seen you out before, but I am sure we shall often have the pleasure of your company in future. What do you think of the hounds?'

"I could hardly contain myself at this address, but I answered him as gravely as I could, 'I think your dogs are not hounds, and if they were they could not run. From what I have seen of fox-hunting in India, or rather the barbarous imitation which you try to dignify by that name, I consider it in vain to attempt the thing at all. Your game must be caught before it is hunted, and when you turn out the poor, dripping, broken-hearted varmint, with a hundred whips cracking damnation over his shivering carcase, he is either mobbed to death at the first burst, or gets to ground just as your wild yelping mongrels begin to settle to their work. If he can run at all you cannot go fast enough to catch him; so leave the poor brute alone, hang your dogs, and take to some more profitable employment.'

"So saying, I cantered off, leaving Chubby-cheeks speechless with amazement." "Served him right," shouted Blowhard, "I have no mercy on such pot-hunters, and I hope their curs may all die of the mange before I return to camp, or I shall die of disgust." "Oh, they would keep out of your way—your pursuits are very different—but what was that report which I heard, that you had been nearly killed by a tiger last week," answered Rivers. A slight shudder seemed to pass over the features of the old deer-stalker, as he recalled to his mind the circumstances to which his friend alluded, and thus began:

"It was a narrow escape, and I shall not easily forget it; but you shall hear. I was encamped a few miles to the eastward of this spot, settling a disputed boundary on the frontier, in a very tigrish country, when it happened. My people had been out every day on the trail of a wandering tiger which had been doing a deal of mischief, but they failed to mark him down, and on the last day I could remain, I resolved to make one more attempt to destroy him, by watching at night. The spot I selected was the edge of a tank, where he used to drink. There was a large tamarind tree on its banks, and here I took up my post. A village shikaree accompanied me, and soon after sunset we took up our position on a branch, about twelve feet from the ground. I should first mention that we had fastened an unfortunate bullock under the tree for a bait. Well, we remained quietly on our perch for a couple of hours without anything stirring. The moon had risen, and so clear was the light, that you could see the jackals at the distance of half a mile, sneaking along towards the village. It might be about eight o'clock, when a party of Brinjarries passing by, stopped to water their bullocks at the tank. They loitered for some time, and becoming impatient, I got off the tree with a single rifle in my hand, and walked towards them, telling them that I was watching a tiger, upon which they started off immediately. I was sauntering back to my post, never dreaming of danger, when Shikaree gave a low whistle, and, at the same moment, a growl rose from some bushes between me and the tree. To make my situation quite decided, I saw his black arm pointing nearly straight under him, on my side of his post. It was very evident that I could not regain the tree, although I was within twenty paces of it. There was nothing for it but to drop behind a bush and leave the rest to Providence."

"But why did not you bolt," observed Rivers.

"That would have been certain death," he replied. "A tiger is far more alert by night than by day, and if I had moved then, he would have had me to a certainty, besides, I trusted to his killing the bullock and returning to the jungle as soon as he had finished his supper, and so he would if I had not been a fool. It was terrible to hear the moans of the wretched bullock when the tiger approached. He would run to the end of his rope, making desperate exertions to break it, and then lie down, shaking in every limb, and bellowing in the most piteous manner. The tiger saw him plain enough, but suspecting something wrong, he walked growling round the tree as if he did not observe him. At last he made his fatal spring with a horrid shriek rather than a roar. I could hear the tortured bullock struggling under him, uttering faint cries, which became more and more feeble every instant, and then the heavy breathing, half growl, half snort of the monster, as he hung to his neck sucking his life-blood. I know not what possessed me at this moment, but I could not resist the temptation of a shot. I crept up softly within ten yards of him, and kneeling behind a clump of dates, took a deliberate aim at his head while he lay with his nose buried in the bullock's throat. He started with an angry roar from the carcase when the ball hit him. He stood listening for a moment, then dropped in front of me, uttering a sullen growl. There was nothing but a date bush between us; I had no weapon but my discharged rifle. I felt for my pistols, they had been left on the tree—then I knew that my hour was come, and all the sins of my life flashed with dreadful distinctness across my mind. I muttered a short prayer and tried to prepare myself for death, which seemed to be inevitable."

"But what was your peon about all this time, he had the spare guns with him?" interrupted Rivers.

"Oh, as I afterwards learnt, he, poor fellow, was trying in vain to fire my double rifle, but all my locks have bolts, which he did not understand, and he could not cock it. He was a good shikaree, and knew that was my only chance, so when he found he could do no good he did nothing. If Mohadeen or Fukeera had been there, they would soon have relieved me, but I had sent both in another direction that day. Well, some minutes passed thus. The tiger made no attempt to come at me—a ray of hope cheered me, he might be dying. I peeped through the branches, but my heart sank within me when his bright green eyes met mine, and his hot breath absolutely blew upon my face. I slipped back upon my knees in despair, and a growl warned me that even that slight movement was noticed."

"But why did he not attack you at once?" observed Rivers.

"It was not his nature," replied the old woodsman. "A tiger is a suspicious, cowardly brute, and will seldom charge unless he sees his prey distinctly. Now I was quite concealed by the date leaves, and while I remained perfectly quiet I had still a chance. Suspense was becoming intolerable. My rifle lay useless by my side; to attempt to load it would have been instant death. My knees were bruised by the hard gravel, but I dare not move a joint. The tormenting musquitoes swarmed round my face, but I feared to raise my hand to brush them off. Whenever the wind ruffled the leaves that sheltered me, a hoarse growl grated through the stillness of the night. Hours that seemed years rolled on. I could hear the village gong strike each hour of that dreadful night, which I thought would never end. At last came the welcome dawn, and oh! how gladly did I hail the first streaks of light that shot up from the horizon, for then the tiger rose and sulkily walked away to some distance. I felt that the danger was past, and rose with a feeling of relief which I cannot describe."

"Such a night of suffering was enough to turn your brain, and I only wonder that you survived it," observed Rivers. "But how did your adventure end? I suppose you were too thankful for your escape to meddle with the tiger again."

"You shall hear," answered Blowhard, "I sent off the peon for the elephant immediately, and before eight o'clock old Golian had arrived. It was all over in five minutes. The tiger rushed to meet me as soon as I entered the cover, and one ball in the chest dropped him dead. It was a great satisfaction to see the brute fall after the cruel way in which he had bullied me, watching me like a rat in a trap for nine hours. But what say you to turning in; we must be up before the jungle cock has begun to crow, or we shall not be able to kill a bear before breakfast." DECCAN.

London New Sporting Magazine for September, 1836.

MUSIC! MUSIC!! MUSIC!!!

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 Broadway, below St. Paul's Church.—Purchasers of Music can at all times find at this establishment the largest and most valuable assortment in the city. The collection of music comprises the publications of all the music stores of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and this city, consisting of new and admired Songs, Marches, and Waltzes, all the most popular Variations. Rondos, Concertos, Duetts, &c. for the Piano, Guitar and Violin.

Foreign publications of music regularly received from Europe by the packets.

Instruction Books, Scales and Gamuts, for every instrument, including the Accordion.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces: also books of the same, bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science and composition of music, by Burrows, Catell, Calcutt. Mason, &c.

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and despatch.

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon,
201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.
jy 22.

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

OFFICE, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

A CARD.

WM. A. COLMAN, No. 205 Broadway, New York, having fitted up at much expense, this building, for the display of his extensive assortment of fine Books and splendid Engravings, and for the purpose of selling Oil Paintings by Modern as well as Ancient Artists, which have merit to recommend them; takes this opportunity of offering to his friends and customers, his sincere acknowledgments for their liberal patronage for years past, and also to solicit their continuance at his new store, which will be found an agreeable resort for the purchase of rare and valuable Books, new Publications, Oil Paintings, and Highly Colored Engravings, many of which are expressly got up for his establishment, by one of the first houses in London and in Paris. He holds out no other inducement, in comparison with other similar stores, than a large assortment of the best articles which can be obtained, and to sell them at a fair profit for ready money.

A Catalogue of his extensive stock will be prepared as soon as possible. jy 23.

NEW YORK, ALBANY & TROY STEAMBOAT LINE.

The ERIE,	Capt. J. Benson,	The CHAMPLAIN,	Capt. A. Gorham,
" ALBANY,	" J. G. Jenkins,	" NORTH AMERICA.	" G. Lathrop,
" OHIO,	" M. Bartholomew,	" DE WITT CLINTON,	S. R. Roe.
The ROBERT L. STEVENS,	J. P. Dean.		

One of the above named Boats will leave New York for Albany from the foot of Barclay street every morning at 7 o'clock, and from the foot of Courtland street every afternoon at 5 o'clock.

The morning and evening lines will receive passengers at the Old States Prison wharf.

All goods, freight, baggage, bank bills specie, or any other property taken, shipped, or put on board the boats of this line, must be at the risk of the owners of such goods, freight, baggage &c.

PEDESTRIAN HOTEL.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having purchased a large and commodious House in Killingworth, is now ready to receive company. Those wishing to visit the sea shore, may rest assured that this establishment, in all those matters which essentially concern the health, comfort and amusement of visiters, is not excelled by any other on the sea board.

Sea food, sea air, and bathing, can be obtained in as great variety as at any other place.

A good Pleasure Boat will be at all times in readiness for those who wish to divert themselves by sailing. There is also, within 100 rods of the house, prime fishing ground, where black fish are taken in great abundance.

The Steamboat *Maria* will stop at Killingworth, daily in her trips to and from New Haven and Norwich.

Excellent horses and carriages constantly in readiness for the comfort and accommodation of travellers and visiters.

The subscriber will spare no pains to render the stay of visiters pleasant and agreeable, by providing every thing that may contribute to their health, comfort and happiness.

HENRY STANNARD.
KILLINWORTH, Con. June, 1836. June 25

THEATRICAL.

THE AUT[illegible]R OF A COMEDY in three acts, wishes to dispose of it to some good Low Comedian, [illegible] order to have it represented in a manner that will be advantageous to the purchaser as well as himself.—The play referred to, was written for a Prize Comedy, but; owing to a misunderstanding between the Committee and himself, it was not read by them - it is now for sale in manuscript with the stage business arranged for immediate representation. Any person wishing a piece of the Low Comedy order, will please address [illegible]MICUS at the office of the Spirit of the Times, stating when and where an interview ma[illegible].

J. T. GOSDEN,

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. HEWITT & Co.'s Music Store, and at ATWILL'S Music Saloon, Broadway. feb 29

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

NO. 40 Cortland Street. This Institution has been in operation in this city for th[illegible] last eight months, during which a large number of persons from all parts of the coun[illegible] have attended it, and been effectually cured. It is no longer a matter of doubt, that any person, who has the organs of speech at all, may acquire the perfect use of them, by the application of this invaluable system. The time necessary to effect a cure being so short, and the terms so m[illegible]erate, (from twenty-five to fifty dollars,) it is presumed that a cure is within the reach of a[illegible]o require it. Persons wishing to attend the Institution, should apply soon, as it is the in[illegible]ion of the principal to close it early in the fall, for the purpose of going to the South.—Communications by letter, (post paid) will receive immediate attention. The following certificates are selected from a large number in the possession of the subscriber, and which may at a[illegible] time be seen, some of them from persons of the first respectability in this city.

HENRY WELLS, Principal.
[illegible]w-York, June 28, 1836.

This may certify, that the subscriber has been, for the last ten years, afflicted with an impediment in his speech. Having become a pupil of Mr. Wells in the city of New-York, and tak[illegible] lessons for three weeks, he found relief, and can now read and speak with ease and flu[illegible]cy. His system is simple in its nature, and easy in its application, and I think will cure the [illegible]ost obstinate cases. W. F. CALDWELL.
Whitehall, N. Y., June 6, 1836.

Having been long afflicted with stammering to such a degree as to disqualify me for business, and to render it extremely difficult to make myself understood, I saw in the New-York Observer a notice of some astonishing cures in Mr. Wells' Institution, in New-York; by which I was induced to place myself under his instruction. Having spent three weeks with him in applying his system, (which is very simple,) I have now the pleasure of saying, that I can read and speak fluently and with perfect ease. CYRUS W. PRATT.
Lexington, Greene Co., June 8, 1836.

This may certify, that I have been afflicted with stammering for the last twenty years to such a degree, as to render it impossible for me to do business or take any part in conversation. About ten years since, I attended the Institution of Doctor Chapman, in the [illegible]ity of New-York for about six months; but without experiencing any permanent benefit [illegible]ring of Mr. Wells' Institution, I was induced to make one more effort to acquire the use [illegible] my speech. Having attended about six weeks, at three intervals, I am now able to read with perfect ease, and find no situation in which by the application of his rules, my or[illegible] of speech are not as much subject to my will as my hands or my feet. Indeed, I think [illegible]son need despair of immediate and lasting benefit, if they will acquire and apply this [illegible]. During the time I have been in his school, some th[illegible] of forty pupils have attende[illegible] and none of them, so far as I know, without being cure[illegible] wish to benefit those afflicted with this distressing malady, has induced me to make thi[illegible]ent.

ANDREW S. PERR[illegible]
Reading, Ct., June 22, 1836. july [illegible]

FASHIONABLE HA[illegible]ORE.

FASHIONABLE Hat Establishment and Manufactory.—[illegible]oupland & Co., 23 Bowery, east side, four doors south of Bayard street. Hats sold retail at wholesale prices, warranted of the very best materials and manufacture, to retain shape and color, in beaver, fur, and satin beaver; also, the admired Drab Hat; with Boys and Childrens' Hats of Black and Drab; Palm Leaf do. and Caps; with every article in the line. Country merchants would find it advantageous to purchase here at satisfactory and accommodating terms. jy 23.

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, NEW-YORK.
feb 20 J. E. PERR[illegible]

D. L. P. WRILEY, SIGN PAINTER.

AT A. B. Smith's Clock Establishment, No 7 1-2 Bowery N B Church Clock Dials painted in a superior manner. a6

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - -	Jockey Club, Annual meeting, Lafayette Course, 1st Tuesday, 6th Dec. On the 1st day will come off a
" "	Match, Four mile heats, $5000 aside, *Hickory John*, vs. *Miss Medley*.
ALEXANDRIA, La. - -	Rapides Course, Annual Jockey Club meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Dec.
" "	Match, Mile heats, $1000 aside, h. ft. *Corsair* vs. *Wings*, 12th Dec.
" "	Match, Mile heats, $ 00 aside, h. ft. *Rhubarb* vs. *Taglioni*, 12th Dec.
" "	Match, Mile hts, $10,000 aside, $5,500 bye; *Linnet* vs. *Coahoma*, Dec. 15.
" "	Match, 3 m. h., $6,000 aside, $2,000 bye; *Scarlett* vs. *Dick Chin*, Dec. 16.
BALTIMORE, Md. - -	Match $6000 aside, *Decatur*, vs. *Carroll*, 2d day of Spring meeting, 1837.
CAMDEN, S. C. - - -	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Nov.
COLUMBIA, S. C. - - -	Jockey Club, Annual meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Jan.
ELKTON, Md. - - - -	2d Tuesday, 8th Nov. free for Eastern Shore and Del. racers only.
FRANKLIN, La. - - -	Match, Four mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican*, Attakapas Course, 1st day of Spring Meeting, 1837
GREENSBORO' Ala. - -	Annual Fall meeting, 4th Wednesday, 23d Nov.
HUNTSVILLE, Ala. -	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Nov.
LITTLE ROCK Ark. - -	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Nov.
LOWNDES Co. Ala. - -	Benton Course, Annual Jockey Club meeting 3d Monday, 19th Dec.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - -	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 16th Nov.
MONTGOMERY, Ala. - -	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 6th Dec.
MOUNT MEIGS, Ala. -	Medley Course, Montgomery Co., J. C. meeting 3d Tuesday, 15th Nov.
NATCHEZ, Miss. -	Annual Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st or 2d Wednesday in March.
" "	Match, 4 m. h., $6,000 aside; *Talleyrand* vs. *Susan Yandell*, Feb. 27
" "	Match, 4 m. h., $5000 aside; *John Minor*, vs. *Sally Hope*; Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, Mile hts. $1000 aside; b. c. by Pacific, vs. b. c. by Longwaist; Feb.
" "	Match, Mile hts, $2000 a side; f. br. to Naked Truth, vs. f. by Muley; Feb.
" "	Match, $5000 a-side, h. ft., —— heats, *Antelope*, vs. *Jas. Polk*, Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, $2000 a-side, h. ft., 2 m. h., *Cassandra*, vs. *Margery Greer*, Feb.
" "	Match, 4 m. h., $3 000 aside, h. ft., *Hard Heart* vs. *Antelope*. Jan. 29, 1837.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. -	Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
NEWBERRY, S. C. - -	Jockey Club, 4th Tuesday, 22d Nov., near Court House.
ORANGEBURG, S. C. -	St. Mathew's Parish, Richardson Course, Fall meeting, 4th Wed. Nov. 23.
OPELOUSAS, La. - - -	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 10th Nov.
PLAQUEMINE, La. - -	Match, 2 m. h., $2,000 a-side, *Go-it-Jerry* vs. *Plato*, 1st Dec.
TREE HILL, Va. -	Match, 2 m. heats, $2000 a-side, h. ft. *Kitty Minge*, by Timoleon, vs. *Virginia Timberlake*, by Sir Charles, 1st day of Spring meeting, 1837.
TARBORO', N. C. - - -	Annual Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Nov.
TRENTON, N. J. - - -	Eagle Course, Second Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday 8th Nov.
VICKSBURG, Miss. -	Jockey Club, 1st meeting, 1st Wednesday, 7th Dec.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA RACES.

We publish to-day a revised report of these races, that given last week having been incomplete, made up as it was from information from various sources. Mr. FRIEND, the *proprietor*, informs us that the Club have adopted the Rules of the *Union Course*, with few variations, with the same scale of weights, though we were expressly informed to the contrary last week, and made a report accordingly. The following may be relied upon as correct in every particular:—

FIRST DAY, Oct. 25, 1836.—Proprietor's Purse, $200. Two mile heats.

James S. Garrison's s. h. *Bremo*, by Industry, dam by Imp. Magic, 5 yrs. 114lbs. 1 1
Wm. R. Johnson's b. m. *Gabriella*, by Sir Charles, dam by Shylock, 4 yrs. 101lbs. 2 2
Jos. H. Van Mater's gr. m. *Moss Rose*, by Lance, dam by Hickory, aged, 123lbs . . . . dis.
David Tom's s. h. ——, by Eclipse, dam by Alfred, 4 yrs. 104lbs . . . dis.

Time, 3:57—4:8. Fine race.—Track heavy.

SECOND DAY.—Proprietor's Purse, $500. Three mile heats

James S. Garrison's ch. h. *Bumper*, by John Richards, dam by Alfred, 4 yrs. 104lbs. 1 1
Carey Thompson's b. h. *Sadi*, by Star, dam by Walnut, 4 yrs. 104 lbs 2 4
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. m. *Lady Van Buren*, by Jackson, dam by Expedition, 4 yrs. 101lbs. 3 2
Wm. Gibbons' b. m. *Merrygold*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Meg Dodds, 5 yrs. 111lbs 4 3
Wm. R. Johnson's gr. h. *Daniel*, by Medley, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs. 104lbs . . . . dis.

Time, 6:1—6:11.

THIRD DAY.—Proprietors' Purse, $1000. Four mile heats

Wm. R. Johnson's (Gov. Spriggs') b. m. *Atalanta*, by Industry, out of Nancy Norwood, by Ratler, 4 yrs. 101lbs. 1 1
Robt. Tillotson's ch. h. *Post Boy*, by Henry, out of Garland, by Duroc, 5 yrs. 114lbs 2 2
Jas. S. Garrison's b. c. *Cippus*, by Industry, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs. 104lbs. . . . . 3 dis.

Time, 8:5—8:14. Track heavy.

Post Boy was the favorite at very heavy odds, and large sums were laid out about him. Atalanta and Cippus made the running the first three miles, Post Boy going in hand two lengths behind. As they passed the stand in the 4th mile, Post Boy took it up—soon beat off Cippus and collared Atalanta, who finally beat him off, after a hard brush, and won the heat by two lengths. The 2d heat was well contested by Atalanta and Post Boy, Cippus being out of condition, having seen a deal of hard work this campaign. Atalanta had the track of course, which she soon gave up and ran 2d in hand until the 3d mile, when she pulled out, and after a hard struggle, gave Post Boy the "go by," and was never headed, the 3d mile having taken the "go along" out of him. He is said to have looked well, but we are currently informed that he had been frequently bled previous to the race, and was consequently weak. Indeed "the Napoleon of the turf," who beat him with Atalanta, has frankly assured us that he was out of condition.

Same Day, and the last.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds; colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Sub. $300, h. ft. Two mile heats, 4 subs.

Jas. S. Garrison's ch. f. *Fanny Wyatt*, by Sir Charles, d. by Sir Hal. 1 1
Wm. R. Johnson's ch. f. *Mary Blunt*, by Sir Charles, dam by Alfred. 2 2
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Mortimer*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Ogle's Oscar . . . . dis.

Time, 3:54—4:1. Very good time for the track.

The Philadelphia "Saturday News" remarks as follows:—

The course [illegible] excellent one—equal, we learn from those best qualified to decide, to any in [illegible] Union. It is surrounded by woodland, and the location, as to distance, ground, and scenery, one of the best that could have been selected. Three excellent roads, from the Camden Ferries, lead to it, and it is near enough for convenience, and sufficiently remote from town to avoid the inconveniences, which might arise from being too near. A large pavilion has been erected by Mr. Friend, the proprietor, with one apartment for ladies and their attendants, and others for spectators, club-rooms, &c., with additional stands for the accommoda[illegible] of the public. The pavilion and the stands afford a fine view of the whole [illegible]se.

The report alluded to by us last week, of Hamblin's having leased *Tattersalls* as a site for a new theatre, is quite as current as ever, though we are desired by Mr. WATSON to contradict it in positive terms. Watson's *ipse dixit* settles the vexed question beyond dispute.

LUZBOROUGH.—A friend travelling through Tennessee writes to this effect:—"I visited the Rev. HARDY M. CRYER, a few days since, at Franklin, from whom I received the utmost kindness and attention. * * * * * * * He took me to see *Luzborough*, of whose fine qualities I have hitherto had no adequate conception. He is a dark rich bay, about 15 hands high, and 15 years old. To my eye, he presents all the desirable features to be looked for in a race horse. He has made his two last seasons at Franklin, Tenn., the first at $75, and the latter at $100, and has had a full compliment of "ladies in waiting." In two years the stockholders have realized $20,000 by him. He has many promising colts in the neighborhood. One of them took the prize at the recent Exhibition of Blood Stock at Nashville, and was bought by Mr. Thomas A. Pankey, from Capt. Bateman, for $1000, for Mr. Baldwin, of Franklin. Luzborough is now at the disposal of his Virginia owners, (Messrs. Merritt & Co.,) and it is likely he will make [illegible]s next season in the Old Dominion. If so, *Zinganee* is expected to fill his place."

Our ha[illegible]hearty old friend, Capt. JAMES J. HARRISON, whom Sir Patrick Nesbitt E[illegible], of stud-book memory, st[illegible] "the Father of the American Turf," it seems has misapprehended the rem[illegible]e of our correspondents, who stated that he w[illegible]aining for Mr. JOHN [illegible], of Augusta, Ga. We confess the paragraph [illegible]uded to is susceptible [illegible]an interpretation, but the writer intended to convey this fact, that Capt. H. had in training, in his own stable, the horses of Mr. Morrison. By the way, a Georgian here tells us the Captain has got a string of good ones now in training, that will do him credit this winter. We shall be glad to hear of the old veteran's success on the turf, and if he could but change places with his namesake, we would insure him the vote of every thorough[illegible]d turfite in the country.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, 22d Sept., 1836.

WM. T. PORTER, Esq., of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

DEAR SIR,—This is the week of the Doncaster Races, at which the Great St. Leger, as it is termed, *par excellence*, is decided. The meeting is one of the most attractive they have of late enjoyed, whether the number and fashion of the company, the character of the contending horses, the uncertainty of the result, or the spirit of the Turf amateurs be considered. And I exceedingly regret that the state of my health would not allow my attendance at a place where so much may be seen and learnt. However, such is the fate of an invalid tourist, and I must content myself with giving you such particulars of this "great Northern event" as I have been able to gather at this distance from the scene, which, in the absence or failure of other more direct and satisfactory information, may be acceptable to you and your readers. Out of 75 subscribers, or entries, there were but 14 started, of which only two were placed, viz.:—

Lord Lichfield's ch. c. *Elis*, by Langar 1
Mr. Scott's b. c. *Scroggins*, (Bro. to St. Giles,) by Frank 2

beating Bee's-wing, a bay filly, by Doctor Syntax, a head.

Elis and Bee's-wing had both distinguished themselves by their 2 yr. old performance, and the former had run many bruising hard contended races this year, whilst Bro. to St. Giles, in Scott's stable, with Gladiator, Carew, and other known good ones, was a dark horse, this being his first public appearance on any course. The fact of his being the favorite of that formidable stable, placed him first on the betting list for many weeks previous to the race, having risen since 1st of Aug., from 16 to 1 to less than 2 to 1. He has been uniformly backed with great spirit, and the losses on him have been very heavy. There was, until quite recently, great doubts entertained whether Elis would start for the St. Leger. He was not in the Derby, and was entered last January for this race on the strength of his 2 yr. old performance; and his owner had made a number of important engagements, at a considerable distance from Doncaster, and was running with great success at these distant courses; so much so, indeed, that he became a public favorite for the Doncaster St. Leger, and was heavily backed by sporting gentlemen, P. P. as high as 6, 7, and 8 to 1. At this stage, Lord Lichfield caused a notice to be placarded at Tattersall's betting-room, that unless he could get the odds at 10 to 1, to the amount of £12,000 to £1200, Elis should not go to Doncaster. He had not as yet backed him at all, but had other engagements, from which he expected a larger and more certain profit than the St. Leger, and unless he could lay out his money upon the above terms, Elis should not go for the St. Leger, although the public—sportsmen, and gamblers, had thought proper to bring him forward in the betting list; having no horses of their own, or anywise interested in horses, they were mere speculators upon other men's stables. This announcement caused much sensation at Tattersall's, and became the subject of some severe remarks in the papers, it being a singular and unheard of expedient of "*getting on*" with a horse, but at the same time entirely fair and honorable on the part of the owner. And although the horse (Elis) then stood at 7 or 8 to 1, a party, mostly backers of Scroggins, made up a purse of £12,000 to £1200 against Elis, which Lord Lichfield has won, together with the stakes of about 1800*l*., and numerous other bets of smaller amount. To ensure his horse being brought well to the post, he caused a carriage to be constructed, with a spacious box or stalls for two, (Elis and The Drummer), in which they were transported, drawn by relays of horses, at the rate of 80 miles per day, by which contrivance they were carried speedily without fatigue, and arrived perfectly fresh about a week before the races. From that time he advanced considerably, and before starting was backed at 5 to 2.

The race was run in 3m. 20s., and won easily; course in good order. Distance, 300 yards short of two miles. Weights for colts, 118 lbs.; fillies, 115 lbs.

The following started, viz.:—

Earl of Lichfield's *Elis*, by Langar, (rode by J. Day) 1
Wm. Scott's *Scroggins*, by Frank, (Scott) 2
Mr. Orde's b. f. *Bee's-wing*, by Dr. Syntax, (R. Johnson.)
Marquis Westminster's b. c. *Snyders*, by Teniers, (Chapple.)
Mr. Skipsey's br. c. *The Bard*, by Waverley, (Heseltine.)
Mr. Fox's b. c. *The Carpenter*, by Lottery, (ran 6th—Templeman.)
Hon. E. Mostyn's br. c. *Trapball*, by Battledore, (Robinson.)
Mr. Osbaldeston's b. c. *Ebberston*, by Velocipede, (Rogers.)
Mr. Allanson's ch. f. *Vulture*, by Langar, (Darlin.)
Earl of Chesterfield's br. c. *Carew*, by Tramp, (F. Edwards.)
Mr. T. Dawson's b. c. *Locomotive*, by Waverley, (Holmes.)
Mr. Bird's b. c. *Redshank*, by Sandbeck, (Nat.)
Hon. Col. Westenra's *Wedge*, by Picton, (Connelly.)
Lord Eglinton's bl. c. *Black Diamond*, by Jerry, (Nelson.)

Pedigree of Elis:—He was got by Langar, out of Olympie, (bred in 1815, by Lord Stamford,) by Sir Oliver—her dam Scotilla, by Anvil, out of Scota, by Eclipse—Harmony, by Herod, &c. &c.

The crack Derby horse, *Bay Middleton*, by Sultan, was not entered for the St. Leger, and Gladiator by Partisan, that ran 2d at Epsom, went amiss. It is probable that Bay Middleton is the only horse of his year that can compare with Elis, and it is somewhat doubtful whether even he could go the St. Leger distance. The Tramps, Langars, and other speedy ones, crossed upon Whalebone and Filho da Puta mares, seem to have the highest character for stoutness. I perceive that overgrown son of Muley (Muley Moloch) broke down at Doncaster the first day of the present meeting, the ground being too hard for him.

Bell's Life in London of next Sunday, 25th inst., will contain a portrait, or rather a rough outline drawing of Elis, accompanied with a description of this wonder of the year.

Yours truly, JOHN BOARDMAN.

• It is said that some of the Boston dandies wear their straps so tight that they can't touch their heels to the ground.

EAGLE COURSE RACES, TRENTON, N. J.

THE Second Fall meeting will commence on 2d Tuesday, 8th Nov. 1836, and continue four days.

FIRST DAY.—A Post stake for all ages—two mile heats—subscription $500 each, forfeit $200, and $100 added by the Proprietor to every horse that *starts* in the race; four or more to make a race. To name and close at the Eagle Hotel, on Monday evening, Nov. 7th, at 8 o'clock.

Same Day.—A purse of $200, mile heats.

SECOND DAY.—A Poststake for three year olds—two miles out—entrance $200, forfeit $100, and $100 added by the Proprietor, three or more to make a race. To name and close at the Eagle Hotel, on Tuesday, Nov. 8th, at half-past 2 P. M.

Same Day.—A Purse of $300. Two mile heats.

THIRD DAY.—Citizens' Purse $1000, four mile heats, three hundred of which goes to the second horse in the last heat, provided he is not distanced. Entrance $25.

FOURTH DAY.—A Purse of $200, Mile heats., the best 3 in 5.

The first race will come off each day at 12 o'clock, and the second race immediately after.

TROTTING.

[illegible] the First day of the races, at 3 o'clock, a purse of $100, under the saddle, two mile h[illegible], free only for horses that never won a match nor purse of that amount.

[illegible]n the Second day, at 3 o'clock, a purse of $200, in harness, three mile heats, free for all.

On the Third day, at three o'clock, a purse of $200, under the saddle, two mile heats, free fo[illegible]all.

[illegible]n the Fourth day, at 3 o'clock, a Sweepstake, three mile heats, under the saddle, entr[illegible]ce $500, five subscribers and closed.

Mr. Conklin enters Dutchman, Mr. Bartine enters Norman Leslie,
Mr. Whelan enters Steamboat. Mr. Furman enters Columbus.
Dr. Tyson enters Lady Warrington,

[illegible]ntries for all purses (except the first day's) will close at the Eagle Hotel, on the day previous to each race or trot, at half-past 2 P. M., and the results will be published in the United States Gazette, Philadelphia, on the morning of each race. As an unusual number of horses is expected, gentlemen who have not procured stabling would do well to make early application to the subscriber.

Trenton, N. J. Oct. 20, 1836. [o22] O. BAILEY, Secretary.

WASHINGTON NATIONAL J. C. RACES, SPRING, 1837,

WILL commence the 1st Tuesday in May. There is now open a post sweepstake for 4 year olds, spring, 1837, three mile heats, entrance $500, forfeit $200. To close the 10th April. The horse to be named at the starting post—now two subscribers. Particulars will hereafter be given. [n5-4t.] JAMES S. GARRISON, Proprietor.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA SPRING RACES, 1837,

WILL commence on the fourth Tuesday in May next. A Sweepstakes for colts and filies then 3 years old, is now open over that course, one mile heats, entrance $500, forfeit, $200. To close on 1st Jan. 1837—now seven subscribers. Entries can be described by letter, addressed to W. J. Leiper, Secretary to the Club, or to the subscriber, at Philadelphia. Entries made by mail must be post-marked the day previous to the closing of the stake.

[n5.] WM. N. FRIEND, Proprietor.

GROOM WANTED.

A PERSON accustomed to the care of *Horses at Sea* is wanted to take charge of a pair, which are about to be sent out to Liverpool. Apply at the office of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [n5.

ZINGANEE, IVANHOE, AND HANSLAP.

THE Subscriber is desirous of farming out, for one year or more, the following celebrated racing stallions, so well known on the turf as the winners of never fading laurels:—

Zinganee is a deep bay, 9 years old, by Sir Archie, dam by Imp. Chance; black mane and tail, five feet three inches high, and in fine condition.

Hanslap is a rich bay, five feet seven inches high, by Washington, dam by Sir Archie; one of the fleetest and stoutest race nags on the turf; now 7 years old.

Ivanhoe, a fine bay, with black legs, mane and tail, 13 years old, is own brother to Polly Hopkins, and a sure foal getter.

All three are from the best racing families, and "their connexions (on the turf,) are of the highest respectability." Application must be made before the 10th Jan. next, to

Nov. 5, 1836. JAMES S. GARRISON, Norfolk, Virginia.

STALLION STAKES FOR 1840.

THE UNDERSIGNED agrees to run two Sweepstakes Races in the Fall of 1840, with the get of Stallions from mares covered in 1836, for One Thousand Dollars each, P.P.; the first 2 miles *out*, carrying 110 lbs; the second, 2 mile *heats*, according to the rules &c., are to be run over the Nashville, Tenn. ssee, Course; the first on Saturday preceding the regular Fall Meeting, the second on Saturday of said meeting. The get of *Leviathan* and *Eclipse* to carry 5 lbs. extra as approved stallions. To close on or before the 1st of January, 1837; five or more to make a race.

E. H. BOARDMAN enters get of Imp. CONSOL.
Huntsville, Ala., June 17, 1836. July 2
JAMES JACKSON & Co. enter the get of Imp. LEVIATHAN, on the terms proposed.
Nashville, Tenn. Aug. 10, 1836. Sept. 10.

A TRAINER WANTED.

WANTED, by a gentleman at Murfreesboro', Tenn., about August, 1837, a person capable of taking the management and training of a stable of horses, to whom a liberal salary will be given, with every encouragement. Apply to JOHN HOLMES.
o15. Murfreesboro', Tenn.

TO TURFMEN AND BREEDERS.

SHORTLY will be published Three Genealogical Tables of Thorough bred ENGLISH STALLIONS, showing, at a glance, the line of blood of every entire horse which has got coverers descended from the three great sources of the race-horse—viz., the *Darley Arabian*, the *Godolphin Arabian*, and the *Byerly Turk*. The tables are compiled by W. Ruff, Turf Reporter to the London Papers and Bell's Life in London, from those of M. Lunes, drawn by order of the Emperor of Russia, and are published under the patronage of the most influential members of the Jockey Club; they will be neatly lithographed and may be had either on a plain sheet, or on rollers to hang up as a map. Orders received at the office of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times. a 13.

FOR SALE.

AN ESTABLISHED LIVERY STABLE, eligibly located in the upper part of this city, together with his stock of horses, carriages, &c., will be sold upon *extremely* liberal terms, on application at the Land, Loan, and Law Office of Van Cott & Duryea, No. 43 Fulton street, Brooklyn. [o29-tf.

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wad cutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N.B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

TO TURFMEN.

A YOUNG man recently arrived from Europe, of light weight, and possessing some experience, is desirous of exhibiting himself on the American Turf, and hereby offers his services to any gentleman having a strong horse to ride at the approaching races. The advertiser having rode with success for some of the first sporting characters in Europe, flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfactory references to any gentleman who may be pleased to notice this advertisement, being both strong and light in weight. Trotting matches, Sweepstakes and single matches attended. Address J. C. G. at the office of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

P. S.—The advertiser, if desired will also train either race or trotting horses. may 14

A CARD.

W. FULLER respectfully informs his subscribers and the public in general, that both Gymnasiums, 205 Green-street, near Bleecker-street, and 333 Broadway, corner of Anthony-street, have re-opened for the season.—"Bodily exercise strengthens, and a sedentary life weakens the constitution; therefore it is necessary to keep up the balance between body and mind."—SPURZHEIM.

Sparring and Fencing taught as usual, upon the most approved principles. s8.

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

New York, April 7th, 1836.

AMERICAN LUNCH.

THIS establishment was opened in February last, and the patronage extended to it calls forth the warmest acknowledgments of the undersigned. He would, at the same time, assure his friends and the public generally, that no effort shall be wanting on his part, to secure to them, at all times, the best the market affords; and he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same liberal patronage. S. T. EDWARDS.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

SAM JONES, FISHERMAN, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of Fish, such as Porgyes, Moss Bankers, Lamper Eels, Sheep Heads, Crabs, Clams, Lobsters, Tom Cods, Killeys, Porpoises, Whales, Grampusses, Albany Beef, Flying Squirrels, Pollygrews, Land Crabs, Sea Horses, Rhinoceroses, Aligators, Shrimps, Bull Heads, Toads, Mackerel, Snapping Turtles, Sharks, Swellers, Toad Fish, Shad, Oysters, Carolina Potatoes, Sea Bass, Flounders, Lunar Bats and Dock Rats, with various other Water Fowls too numerous to mention!!!

N.B. A large quantity of Sea Serpents, just from Cape Cod, to be disposed of, will be sent to any part of the city free of expense!!!!

Enquire of A. W. V. & Co., Jackson Ferry, East River.
Ward's Island, Aug. 27, 1836. a 27.

CLEOPATRA.

JUST returned from the South—Mr. Le Bert has the honor to inform the patrons of the Fine Arts, that the celebrated Statue of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, has arrived in this city, and is now exhibited at 175 Broadway.

Hours of exhibition from 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.

This splendid piece of sculpture is an original modern production of unsurpassed merit in all its parts. In beauty of proportion, contour, anatomical accuracy, expression, attitude, and high finish, it is a work which stands unrivalled in the wide catalogue of modern productions. s 24.

FINE ARTS.

THE public are respectfully informed that the celebrated picture of *La Belle Nature*, painted by Boudet, of Paris, which has received so much editorial praise in all the principal newspapers of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, &c., and another splendid late production from the same pencil, denominated *Daphne de L'Olympe*, are now exhibited at No. 37 Courtlandt street. o6

DISSOLUTION.

THE firm of SACKETT & BRANCH, Printers, was dissolved on the 1st inst. All persons having demands against the firm will present them to the subscriber,

New York, Oct. 6, 1836. ISRAEL SACKETT.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber has for the present taken the store 55 Gold-street. A small part only of his Stereotype Plates having been destroyed by the late fire, he will be enabled to furnish a full supply of his publications in a short time.

He has now on hand some of each of the following works.—

Hallocks Poems, Drakes do., Shakspeare, 2 vols. 8vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, 8vo., Byron, 1 vol. 8 vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, do., Johnson's Works, 2 vols. 8 vo., Boswell's Johnson, 2 do., Rollin's Ancient History, 2 vols. do., Burke's Works, 3 vols. Crown, 8 vo., Dryden's Works, 2 vols. do., Notices of the War of 1812, Life on the Lakes, 2 vols. 12 mo., Memoirs of an American Lady.

a 6-6t. GEO. DEARBORN

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

The NEW SERIES OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, for Town and Country, commenced its publication on the 20th February, 1836, (the Old Series comprised five volumes and a supplement of four numbers), and will be published every Saturday morning, on fine imperial paper, and with beautiful type. Great care is taken to forward it, strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, in advance $5 00
For Six Months Subscription, in advance 2 50

The invariable charge for Advertisements is annexed:—

For one Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion *in the paper*. . . $3 00
For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto*. . . 50
For one Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion *upon the cover*. . . $2 00
For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto*. . . 37½

Yearly advertisers upon the cover are only charged $15 per annum for one square, (14 lines) and at that rate; transient advertisers are expected to pay in advance, or give a city reference.

Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.

EDWIN L. GARVIN,
PRINTER.

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218 yds short of two miles—
1.49⅓ to each mile